JOHN BULL, JUNE 19, 1937

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXI.
1618.

LAST DAYS TO WIN WORLD CRUISE, £1,250 and PENSION (SEE PAGES 42 & 43).

JOHN BULL

LAST WEEK!

DRAGES Great SUMMER Sale

SEE AT A GLANCE HOW MUCH YOU SAVE!

All price reductions are clearly marked. On every article of furniture throughout the store you will find that the original price label has been retained—in addition to the special Sale price label. Thus you can see *at a glance* how much you save.

50 PAY-WAY TERMS

50 Pay-Way means 50 months to pay and no deposit.

10/- per month buys £25 worth of Furniture
20/- " " " £50 " " "

and other amounts, large or small, in proportion.

Special discounts allowed for shorter periods. A fully paid, properly stamped, Fire and Life Insurance Policy, issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., is given to every customer in addition to a written guarantee that if adverse circumstances prevent the continuation of the payments, the customer can keep all the furniture that has been paid for and only return what has not been paid for. An agreed calculation being made for use and carriage.

ALL PRICES MARKED DOWN 2/6 TO 7/6 IN THE £1

Next week is the last week of Drages Great Summer Sale which ends positively on Saturday, June 26th. Seven more days in which to secure some of the most remarkable bargains in Fine Furniture. Price reductions ranging from 2/6 to as much as 7/6 in the £1. Every article of our regular stock offered at genuine bargain prices. Ordinary price labels retained with Sale price labels for comparison. You can see at a glance exactly how much you save. To all who are unable to visit the store during the next seven days we offer the facilities of our Post Order service. Write for the Special Sale Bargain Folder, from which you may order by post with confidence on the distinct understanding that if on delivery you are not entirely satisfied, the articles may be returned, exchanged or your money refunded in full.

POST ORDERS

Orders by post are given very special personal attention. You can safely select from our illustrated Sale Folder any Furniture you wish, and rely on us to give immediate and careful attention to the packing and dispatch of the articles you choose.

You may order by post on the understanding that if on delivery any article does not meet with your fullest approval, it may be returned, exchanged or your money refunded in full.

FREE RAILWAY FARES

During the Sale all customers whose orders amount to more than £10 will be allowed their rail fares.

DRAGES LTD., 73-77, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Manchester: 42, Deansgate. Open all day Saturdays.

Open daily 9 a.m.—6.30 p.m. Closed Saturdays 1 p.m. Thursdays till 8 p.m.

Birmingham: 101-103, Bull St. Open all day Saturdays.

WRITE FOR SPECIAL SALE BARGAIN FOLDER—IT'S FREE!

RED TILES

RICH RED FINISH

Red Tiles and Red Composition floors always look bright and attractive if regularly treated with CARDINAL, the polish that gives such a lovely rich red finish. Excellent too, for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths. Ensures a waterproof surface and will not tread off.

Also in Buff, Green, White, and Transparent.
Of all dealers.

Made by Makers of Mansion Polish. C.P.F.3

Large tins 6 & 1/-

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR EASY TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1937 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

BABY CLOTHES

30/- BETTER THAN EVER—SEND TO BE NOW—TESTIMONIALS ARRIVING DAILY FROM PURCHASERS OF MY IMPROVED LAYETTE.

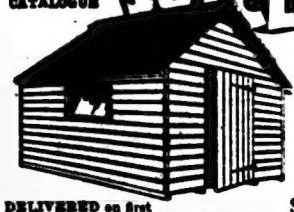
Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes.

75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl. Ends, Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winceyette Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Rock-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, Coveralls, etc. Latest letter reads: "Your layette is complete — puts one's mind at rest. Better than the costly gamblies of buying a little here and a little there, finally finding items overlooked."

Send 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL
Cash or 1/6 weekly
Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 56, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE

SUTCLIFFES STORE SHED



FROM 3'8 MONTHLY
Design S.S.
SMALL STORE SHEDS from 30/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections easily the best value. Seat carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 0 0
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	3 3 0
10ft.	6ft.	6ft.	4 5 0
13ft.	8ft.	7ft.	5 10 0

Send for Free Catalogue. Garages, £4.6 to £6 house, £7.0: Aviaries, £3 -: Wendy £4; Garden Houses, £3 5s.: Poultry Co £5/-: Kennels, 25 -. Carriage Paid. F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 98, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge Yorks. London Showrooms: 46-47, Oxford St., W.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Two lovely White British all pure Wool Blankets of finest finish, Blue Borders whipped ends 68 x 88in 7½lb pr. Two All White durable Fleecy Blankets whipped ends. 60 x 80in 4lb pr Two Pure White Pillow Cases 20 x 30in One Bolster Case 20 x 60in Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90in 4lb pair One Alhambra Quilt 72 x 94in Complete Carriage Paid Price 52/- Terms 4/- Monthly. No charge for Easy Payments Catalogue Free

J. & S. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/- NOW

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address to "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3d. POSTAGE

A Useful CREAM-MAKER FREE!

It makes half a pint of Cream for only 4d.

Cut out and save the Special Coupon on p. 25

THIS wonderful attractively made efficient Cream-maker is yours FREE for 24 Coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice, but if you would like to receive it immediately send only 2 Coupons with 2/6—this will be refunded when the balance of 24 Coupons is received. Note: Packet tops from Quaker Corn Flakes will also be accepted for this offer! If you want to give yourself a treat, accept this unique offer now—Cut out and save the special Coupon on p. 25 for your immediate or future use.

THAMES UTILITY

Planed Framing and Weatherboards. Tongued and Grooved Roofs & Floors. Corners Steel Braced. Mortised and Tenoned Doors and Door Frames. Roofs Steel Tied. All windows open. Lock, Key and Bolts to Doors. Felt & Battens included.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

THE "SNIP" GARAGE. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

STEEL TIED ROOFS!

Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/10/-	6/-	10/2
12	8	8	£8/10/-	8/-	11/10
14	8	8	£7/15/-	10/-	14/1

Asbestos Garages from 90/-. List G. Free Delivery England and Wales. Free Plans for Councils.
THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST ST., ERITH, KENT. (Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd.) (Est. 40 years.) Phone: Erith 2672-3.

We want to pay YOU £5 a week — AND MORE

OPPORTUNITY for CLUBHOLDERS

THE value of John England's goods is so wonderful and our commissions are so generous that you can easily earn several pounds a week in your spare time as a John England Trust Clubholder.

John England supply on the easiest possible payment terms, from 1/- weekly, high quality goods that sell themselves as they afford a saving of 5/- in the £.

Our Clubholders earn £2—£3 a week. Some earn even more. You can do the same. You can start a John England Trust Club with as few as five 1/- shares.

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB,
INDIA PAVILION, WEMBLEY, MIDDLX.

The coupon below will bring you full particulars of this wonderful proposition. Post to-day in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope.

Delivery on first payment, all postage and carriage paid. No drawing for chances. No late turns.

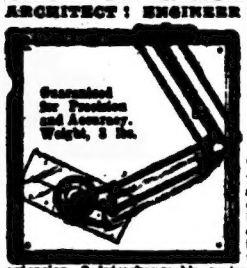
EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN

Please write in pencil.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
..... S.50

SALE of GENUINE SURPLUS

ARCHITECT! ENGINEER!! SURVEYOR!!!



COMPLETE DRAWING OFFICES ENTIRE OUTFIT ONLY 5/9

These Drafting Machines, which probably cost £5 or £6 each to make, consist of hardwood drawing board 14in. x 10in., with a celluloid covering which is removable. Supplied with brass parallel-motion extension, 2 interchangeable protractors, specially graduated, and accessories. Amazing bargains, order NOW. Full instructions forwarded. Write, call or 'phone Holborn 6758. Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD., (Dept. 427), 16, Silver Street, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

£20 in Cash Prizes FREE!

For best Last Line to Limerick on page 18.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" offer a first prize of £10 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 18. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, June 25, 1937. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wills United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

RETAILERS!

Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" 'Shop Window' will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—

The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SOUTH WESTERN

DESPATCHED FROM STOCK · CARR. PAID ENG. & WALES · 250 MILES FREE LORRY DEL.

SEND A P.C. for Illustrated Catalogue G.H. (Greenhouses), S.B. (Sheds, etc.) or B (B'ngal'ws)

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD.

Dept. 5, Hugon Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

Which is the Best Bargain in John Bull's "Shop Window"?

Can you spot it? Test your good judgment and carefully examine every offer. You will come to the conclusion that these advertisers are out to give you sheer good value and to earn your regular custom. Under "John Bull's" Guarantee you are sure of receiving absolute satisfaction or your money back in full. Is that good enough for you?

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS. Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: *"Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best treatment I have ever made."* If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds to write to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE (Dept. B.H.19), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

SIXIT SCORES FOR BARGAINS

THE SIXIT CLUB
Complete in 6 weeks!

6 MEMBERS • 6 PAYMENTS • 2 PRICES 3/- and 6/-

Think of it! The Sixit Club is complete in six weeks only, and brings you a choice of the best bargains in everything to wear and everything for the home. No wonder Sixit Clubs are sweeping the country—members like the quick turns, the two convenient prices and the excellent value. Big commissions for organisers. Simple and safe to run. Write to-day for the new monster Catalogue of the values YOU can get in the Sixit Club. Send a card for your copy to-day.

Organisers! Get this FREE BOOK

GEO. DAY Ltd. (Dept. G.D.43) 29, Altrincham St., Manchester 1

COUPON To GEO. DAY, LTD., 29, Altrincham St., Manchester 1.
Please send me a Free copy of your newly issued catalogue.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)
ADDRESS .....
.....
G.D.43 .....

Send for This Useful FREE BOOKLET

Turn to p. 12 and fill in the Coupon!

ON page 12 a Booklet is offered that tells you all about the Unit Trust idea and gives the clearest explanation of the system of Trust Units and what it means to the small investor. For men and women who have saved £10-£25-£50-£100 the British General Fixed Trust system brings you a safe and practical way of sharing in the income from stocks and shares of twenty-seven leading industrial companies. A few of them are mentioned. If you want safety and a share of the income of some of Britain's biggest companies fill in the coupon for a copy of this useful booklet.

25 Solid Silver TANKARDS FREE!

TO WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME TANKARDS TURN TO PAGE 27

ONCE again "John Bull" readers are given the opportunity to win one of the beautiful heavy solid silver tankards offered by the makers of Bulmer's Cider. All you have to do is to write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete the Bulmer advertisement on p. 27. For the best replies 25 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Mention "John Bull" when sending your Entry (except addressed H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., except J.B.4), Cider Makers, Hereford, to reach the firm before June 24, 1937. There are no conditions and no entrance fee. For the best entries, 25 solid silver tankards will be awarded free.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

The BATTLE BATHING BELT

is a boon to every one whose girth round the abdomen is big. Made of special elastic web to stand sea water, it does not show when worn under bathing suit. Not only does it improve your figure, but it also makes you feel more energetic and inclined to go in for physical exertion, lack of which is generally the cause of increase in girth.

4/11 Post Free **8/6** Best quality

Send maximum measurement round abdomen and P.O. or cheque to: G. BATTLE & CO., 392, Strand, London, W.C.2. *Illustrated booklet showing complete range of belts for everyday use and measurement form gladly sent post free.*

Let YEWDALLS dress you from HEAD to TOE

EST. 1895

Complete Smart Summer Outfit with **FREE GIFT** *for* **1/6** WEEKLY

Write for Free Fashion Guide showing all the Newest and Smartest Coats, Costumes, Swagger Suits, 2-Piece Suits, Tennis and Party Frocks, Holiday Wear, Silk Coats, Jumper Suits, Footwear, Underwear, Handbags, Umbrellas, Raincoats, Furs, etc., from 4/- monthly. Sent on Approval. Reduced terms for complete Outfit. Special Offer—Gents' Holiday Outfit Patterns from 2/- weekly. FREE GIFTS TO ALL PURCHASERS. Write now.

YEWDALL'S STORES, Ltd. Dept. 189. 80, North St., LEEDS

Other Depts. Cameras, Sports Goods, Radio, Jewellery, Baby Cars, Cycles, etc.

TERMS FROM 4/- IN THE £

The Greatest Piano Accordion Offer ever made

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

EASY TERMS AVAILABLE

PIETRO

Some of the values

80	Piano Keys	8 Bass	£3	2 6
26	"	12 "	£3	10 6
26	"	24 "	£4	10 6
34	"	48 "	£9	10 6

Full Professional Model, 120 Basses, 5 voice roller action, 41 Pearl Piano Keys, with Push type octave coupler, £15 15 0. All models have Gold or Silver decorations on White, Blue or Rose Pearl Finish. Write for free catalogue showing full range of the new models now ready. Wholesale Concessionaires: J. & A. MARGOLIN (Dept. J.B.190), 113-116, Old Street, E.C.1

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

Great British RUPTURE Treatment Supported by MEDICAL PROFESSION

Send for Free Booklet of the ONLY Air-filled Cushion Appliance. Wonderful relief from Rupture, not a truss, neat, washable cushion, inflated and adjusted in a second to pressure required. Cannot slip, light, comfortable. You will not know you have it on. Holds Hernia firmly. Broken tissues re-unite. Rupture conquered for ever. Recommended by Doctors. Endorsed by "The Lancet." Insured persons should state Society Secretary's name and address, if single or double rupture.

BEASLEY'S LTD., Dept. 8E, 45, Conduit St., London, W.1, or Dept. 8E, 270, Deansgate, Manchester. Dept. 8E, 198 Stratford Road, Birmingham.

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

Zeiss, Dorslamo, Recombler, Chateloin, Lumiere, Secompte, etc. All available on the easiest of easy terms.

HERE IS AN 8×26 MODEL REDUCED 75/- YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

At all Sporting Events, Horse Races, Yacht Races, Cruises, Seaside and Country visits, you will obtain far greater enjoyment and keener enthusiasm if you are carrying these wonderful Binoculars. Do not be content with distant vision. Get a real "close-up" and enjoy every possibility of a "Front Row" seat. Send only 3/- deposit and 6d. for postage for immediate delivery on Free approval of these exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris, 8x Magnification, extra wide view, independent eye piece adjustment with wheel focus, bending bar, damp and dust proof. Really wonderful definition, name of ships distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English leather Case with neck lanyard and slings. If fully approved, balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid, or Cash within 7 days 75/- only. Don't forget to write for Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism glasses by all the finest makers. Sent post free.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 126), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

BRAND NEW MOTORCYCLES YOURS FOR 50/-

18 MONTHS TO PAY

Example.

New 1937 600 c.c. twin

DOUGLAS

Magneto Dynamo Lighting. Fully equipped.

OUR PRICE

£42.10.0

All makes and models on similar easy terms. Highest exchanges. 3rd party insurance only required.

2,000 other new and used bargains. LISTS, "J.B." FREE.

PRIDE & CLARKE LTD. 158, STOCKWELL RD., BRIXTON, LONDON, S.W.9

A FINE SUIT TOGETHER WITH A SMART RAINCOAT AND A PAIR OF GOOD SHOES

1/- A Week

All sent for 2/6 POST FREE to approved others. Promise 21 fortnightly payments of 2/-. CASH 39/11 (D.B. 3/6 extra). SMART SUIT. Good Worsted-finished Cloth. Dark Blue, Dark Grey or Dark Brown Mixtures. Good tailoring and lining. Sizes: Chest 35, 36, 38, 40 & 42 ins. RAINCOAT, thoroughly proofed Indiana Cloth. Fawn or Navy. Chest 36 to 42 ins. SHOES, Black or Brown leather, Leather or Rubber Soles and Heels. *State chest size; Suit, B.B. Suit; Colour of Suit, Raincoat; Shoe size and soles.* WORTH DOUBLE. *Right or Money Back.* BIG BARGAIN CATALOGUE—FREE TO ALL.

FREE PATTERNS. SUITS 21/- to 74/6. CATALOGUE FREE

PAIN'S Presents House Ltd., Dept. 20.VS., HASTINGS

SALE OF 1,000 GENUINE SWISS MADE CHROMIUM CASED OFFICERS' STOP WATCHES

For Doctors and Hospital Use.

(PRECISION RECORDING LEVER MOVEMENT)

BY FAMOUS MAKERS ORIGINALLY 15/-

NOW ONLY **5/9**

Post and Box 6d.

For Sport, Science and Industry.

Giving Accurate Readings to ONE-FIFTH SECOND

ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS

FULLY GUARANTEED

This is a magnificent opportunity to secure a bargain at under wholesale price. Accurate timekeepers. Fully guaranteed. Write, call or 'phone Holborn 0277. Luminous Dials 6d. extra. Officers' Adjustable Chrome Chains 2/- extra. Officers' Adjustable Solid Leather Straps only 1/- extra. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY INSTANTLY RETURNED

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD. (Dept. 426), 16, SILVER STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

NAILBITING

Stop it!

NEW NAILS! NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

FAT... FLABBY?

Wear the Danger Line Belt. It immediately replaces dangerously sagging organs. Fat is driven away by continuous massage. Tiredness, faulty elimination, strain, risk of rupture are banished directly you put on the Danger Line Belt. It is a well conceived and effective belt, beautifully and strongly made by the famous J. Roussel. Order now. Price 21/- (with Jock Strap 25/-). C.O.D. 1/- extra. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Give maximum measurement round body. Or cut out and send this advertisement for booklet. Available through Approved Health Societies.—Sold Only by J. F. Roussel, Ltd., 65a, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

D1

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NEXT 7 DAYS

COMPLETE WITH HANDLE 2/6 CARR. 6D

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9 in. blade in non-rust holder, this British Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with handle and sheath to protect blade, FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW. P.O. 3/- to:

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. AB), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

3 WAY BED SETTEE

LOUNGE SETTEE or FULL LENGTH BED

AS A BED

37/- or 2 - weekly. Carr. & Pack. Eng. & W. 3/-

Patent Spring Seat. Solid Oak Frame. Turned Legs. 3 Velvet Cord Cushions, colours to suit everyone. Send for new coloured catalogue of Wonderful Bargains in upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

Orders, Registered Letters or Crossed P.O.s to

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

COMPLETE SHAVING KIT FREE

Greatest Gift Offer of the Year!

So great is our confidence that our 100 per cent. Sheffield "Multi-life" 3-hole type Razor Blades are as good as any 4d. blade on the market that we are giving absolutely FREE with every packet of 12 blades a handsome heavily plated safety RAZOR in velvet lined nickel-plated case, a circular shaving MIRROR to stand up or hang on wall, a fine quality bristle SHAVING BRUSH and a full size stick of SHAVING SOAP. Just send P.O. 1/9 to receive by return 12 blades and FREE Shaving Kit post free. No more to pay. Money refunded if not absolutely satisfied.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.S.K.3), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

£2-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 500-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-5-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents, working out special profit sharing plan are making £5 to £16 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 200-hole board 3/9 post free. and illustrated price list . . . . .

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER (*Punchboard Specialist*)

46J, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.3.

TRADE SUPPLIED

1/- WEEKLY

14/6 FOR 2 PAIRS

Every Type, Style and Colour of Night-dress, Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Children and Gentlemen at Real Factory Prices on the Easiest of Easy Payments. Write NOW for full details and SAVE POUNDS.

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen our Grand Free Catalogue, containing the most wonderful selection of Bargains ever offered. Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Furniture, Hardware, Jewellery; in fact, everything for Home and Domestic use.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

WELFARE STORES, LTD. (Dept. J.1.), MOSSLEY ROAD MILLS, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

JOB STOCK BRITISH BINOCULARS

SLIGHTLY SOILED BUT PERFECT OPTICS 11/- DOWN

High power and brilliant illumination. Range 3 to 4 miles. Centre screw focus and large objectives. Ideal for racing, field and marine use. No British instrument of this quality hitherto available on such low Terms. Send 1/9, and promise 1/- weekly until 8/9 is paid, or cash with order 7/6, post free.

Tan Case with Strap only 1/9 extra.

SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS, Ltd., 3 & 4, Alfred Place, W.C.1. 'Phone—Museum 6793

THORN'S REDUCED PRICES

Write Now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 46

Your Opportunity!

26 down

Send the small deposit for one of these Genuine Thorns Buildings at the new reduced prices. Complete in sections for easy erection and fully guaranteed. Cash on delivery if desired. Write Now for Catalogue No. 46 FREE.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Dep.	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	42/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	56/-	4 9	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6ft.	61/-	4,-	5/6
9ft.	5ft.	6ft.	73/6	4/6	6/8

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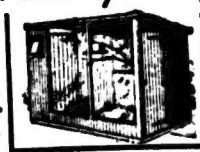

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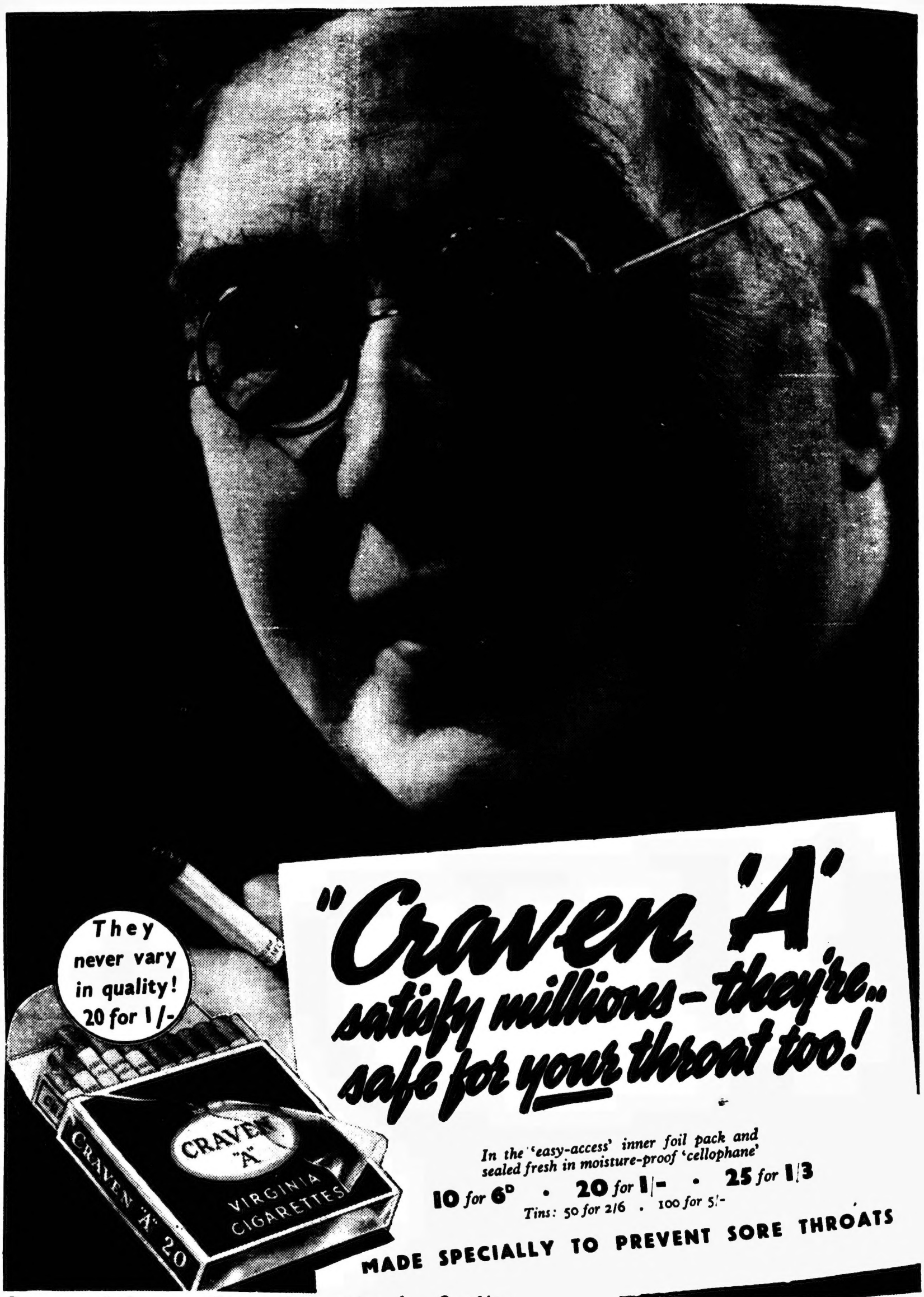

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

FOOD PERIL

ALARMING FACTS

Livestock and dairy produce are often crowded together in the open....

To the man in the street and the housewife at home the Livestock Industries Bill means nothing.

It is doubtful, indeed, if either has ever heard of this important legislative reform which will become an Act of Parliament before summer ends.

Yet the Bill, when law, will indirectly affect all of us.

For it will do something—although not nearly enough—to cleanse the scandal of the country town agricultural market.

To begin with, as its title suggests, it is concerned solely with the marketing of livestock (not including poultry).

It will deal with the siting of livestock markets, the planning, layout, equipment, and so forth. In many ways its provisions are admirable.

But why confine these measures to livestock? The whole question of markets where foodstuffs—especially those of a perishable nature—are offered for sale is still waiting to be tackled.

There has been no Market Act for nearly a century, and conditions under which foodstuffs are distributed in most parts of the country are a sheer disgrace.

Medical officers and sanitary inspectors in numerous country towns who have struggled against the primitive, unsavoury methods of their local markets will be the first to admit that the conditions under which food is exposed for sale in country markets are often appalling.

It is quite common for produce—vegetables, butter, fruit and honey—to lie exposed, perhaps covered with flies, on dirty trestle tables adjacent to the pens in which cattle are collected.

No covering is provided for the produce. It is open to the weather—the teeming rain or the broiling sun. Roadways of the market-place are either miry or dusty. There is a constant passing of traffic. Foodstuffs are fouled in an indescribable manner.

Observe the assembly of a small town market. A farm cart arrives containing pigs. Over the animals is stretched a net on which repose vegetables, butter in open cardboard boxes, and various other kinds of dairy produce. The odour of the pigs permeates everything. The produce reeks of animal stench.

One reader tells of mixed produce like this arriving sodden with rain after a two-hour journey in an open trap.

He also tells how he has seen produce lying for hours on end on dirty ground, kicked and trampled upon by buyers in their eagerness to gain a better vantage point to view other articles.

Another has seen live poultry taken from pens, their necks wrung, and the birds flung in a writhing heap into the interior of a filthy van.

Frequently vans which carry animals to market are used afterwards for the distribution of market greenstuff. No effort is made to clean the vehicles between these two services.

Here is a typical instance of what occurs, reported to John Bull from a Hampshire market town.

A motor wagon brought pigs and poultry to the sale. The livestock was unloaded and the van parked. Later, the same van, littered with manure, was loaded with vegetables and fruit.

Next day the vehicle, still polluted with filth, was distributing the produce to retail shops in a popular seaside resort.

At another market in the Midlands vegetables were heaped together on ground over which cattle had been driven, and where scores of pedestrians had walked.

That ground must have been saturated with filth, yet the produce was allowed to lie there for hours on end.

From time to time offenders are detected, prosecuted and punished by fines, but the main abuses continue unchecked. Public health is needlessly imperilled through unhygienic marketing systems that should have been banished long ago.

Even some of the larger county town markets are the subject of serious complaint.

Recently it was stated at a meeting of the National Farmers' Union that the conditions in Gloucester City market were disgraceful.

There can be few places more slimy and dirt-ridden than a country market on a wet day. Motor vans, horse-drawn vehicles, cattle and pedestrians all pass by and contribute their quota of mud.

Such primitive conditions should not be tolerated.

Yet the score of complaints mounts. Throughout Britain regular markets are held which lack elementary essentials in the way of proper accommodation and cleanliness.

In spite of improved transport facilities and all the regulations for the safeguard of public health, dirty, polluted food and produce is daily reaching the retail shops of the country from the market towns.

The whole system of country markets wants sweeping clean. Filth and grime must be banished; the exposure of vital foodstuffs in open markets must be properly regulated.

Drastic by-laws which will certainly be imposed when the Livestock Industries Bill passes to law may remedy some of the more glaring evils as they affect cattle.

But what is needed is a complete purge of the market-places of Britain, and a sane organisation of methods of distribution.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Tip for Sir Kingsley Wood

The Re-armament Scandal Grows Worse
Quackery at its Most Vile
Man Who Beats Fate

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, though we criticise him often enough, is our most energetic Cabinet Minister. He's a stout little man, but his figure doesn't prevent him from bustling.

You'll be hearing more of his energy in the autumn He is going to push a great national campaign that will be directed at every one of us. Its keynote will be: "Use Your Health Services."

And Sir Kingsley, our present Minister of Health, is going to enlist the aid of his political opponent and our past Minister of Health, Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

A good idea. So far as it goes.

Telling Us How

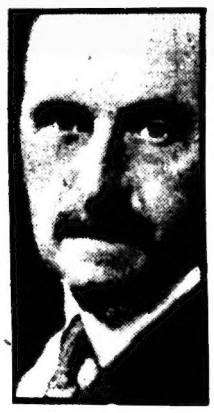
Few of us use the public health services to their full extent. For few of us know how much they are prepared to do for us.

That is the first thing which the new campaign must make clear. But even more essential is it that we should know how to keep fit, how to avoid the doctor.

Not for the first time, we suggest that the Ministry of Health should tell us all the best way to health.

Expert Advice

Modern scientific discoveries have changed the whole complexion of the subject. But though most of us know something of vitamins, for example, few of us know how our foodstuffs should be balanced, so that we can obtain the right amount of vitamins in their various proportions.



Lord Dawson: Ask His Help

In brief, not only Arthur Greenwood (who was a particularly able Minister of Health) should help the campaign, but the best of the nation's doctors and scientists.

Great men, like Lord Dawson, Lord Horder, Sir Frederick Hopkins—many more. Let them help to frame the simple, essential rules of health; let those rules be circulated to every household in the country.

Illness Outlawed

Let Sir Kingsley, too, listen to the advice of the People's League of Health, which is now appealing for £50,000 to prevent disease.

The League's work for such things as the eradication of tuberculosis, safer milk, safer motherhood, regular medical examination of panel patients, and so on, deserves the active support of Whitehall

Better housing, more humane treatment of the unemployed are other necessities which must be studied before Britain can be made an A1 nation.

A lot to ask. But is it too much?

You Pay

The re-armament scandal grows.

Every succeeding contract costs more than the last. At the present rate the projected £1,500,000,000 programme will cost £3,000,000,000 before it's finished.

Big profits for the few! Big bills for the many!

Shock for Ladies

Peeresses who carry on a regular business of sponsoring debutantes and securing their presentation at Court—often at £1,000 a time—may be denied admission to many of the big Court events of the season.

About time, too. We don't mind their soaking the social climbers so long as they don't commercialise the Court in the process.

Rolling Up His Sleeves

Mr. Hore-Belisha, as War Minister, is going to give more commissions from the ranks. If he tackles the job thoroughly, he may—by making the Army a real career—solve many of the recruiting problems which he inherited from Duff Cooper.

A committee of War Office experts is now sitting, and there may be a hundred scholarships for Sandhurst for rankers before the year is out. There should be.

R.A.F. Unrest

Unrest is growing among Royal Air Force officers because the Air Minister has refused to reduce the age at which they may receive marriage allowances—the age of thirty.

You may find something almost indecent in the fact that while the Prime Minister complains about the low birth-rate, a lesser Minister is discouraging holy wedlock.

Vain Errand

A complaint made to us by a reader speaks for itself.

An out-of-work London woman was ordered to attend the employment exchange for a special interview. After waiting for more than an hour she was seen and told to attend on another date.

Then she was sent as a relief barmaid to a certain address, which turned out to be a hosiery shop.

Any Explanation?

Eventually she found the tavern where her services were supposed to be required. "Supposed" is the word, for the vacancy had been filled two months before.

Net result: she spent four hours, 1s. 2d. in fares, for nothing.

We have no comment to make. Perhaps the Ministry of Labour would care to supply it?

What Were They?

It seems hard to believe that the group of "men" who looked on while a sick girl dived into the Thames to save a boy were really men.

But it's equally hard to describe them as human rats. For even rats swim.

Golden Bombshell

No denial is forthcoming to General Smuts' allegation that the slump in gold shares was deliberately engineered so that a few financiers could buy and make a profit.

General Smuts: Throws a Bomb

We don't care a golden sovereign, we need hardly say, that the mug shareholders sold out in panic and lost their money.

We do care a lot that international trade should be prejudiced by rumours started by a few crafty speculators.

A wickedly idiotic system that makes such things possible.

He Beat Fate

When tempted to despair at Fate's misfortunes, think of Mr. Frank Knight, who lives near Worthing.

Born with stumps for arms and legs, he has overcome his afflictions so well that he can claim to be an expert carpenter, a master builder, gardener, writer.

He gets about like a normal person, paints, draws, has won a bronze medal for making lantern slides for scientists.

A living example of the power of mind over body!

Slow Coaches

Yet another justified grumble of railway slow-coaches.

The City man's train (call it not express) takes 65 minutes to cover 23 miles from Fawkham, Kent, to Holborn, and the local councils are protesting.

Cannot the much-advertised speeding up of long-distance trains be extended to the suburbs?

Quackery's Vilest

We've had to tell many pathetic stories of the harm done by quack eye specialists. We continue to regard them as the worst of quacks.

That is why we salute Mr. Justice Lawrence's stiff sentence of twelve months' jail, to be followed by three years' police supervision, on Gipsy Temple, who posed as a doctor, told village women that they were going blind, and charged them £2 for fresh spectacles.

If anyone calls at your house and tries the same dodge, you'll do a public service by sending for the police.

Money's Memorial

West Hartlepool does well to scrap its memorial tank, despite the protests of some ex-Servicemen. The relic was presented because the town subscribed more war loan per head of population than any other town in the country.

Says an alderman: "It is a just memorial to the people who invested money made out of war profits at 5 per cent., while the men in France were getting only 1s. a day."

Bitter words. And the bitterness ought to strike home in other towns than West Hartlepool.

No Compulsion?

A notice on air-raid drill shown in post-offices all over the country should be withdrawn at once.

It does not ask for the names of volunteers; it asks for the names of those who don't want to take part.

Postal workers say they won't be conscripted into the scheme; we say the wording of the notice savours of intimidation.

Punished for Life

Stealing is always wrong. But when a young man steals because he wants to learn, and is too poor to buy books, surely there is something to be said in extenuation. But Joseph Lee had to go to prison for this offence.

Now, released, has found the Board of Education will not allow him to sit for examination to become a teacher. Is this a just reward for over eager ambition?

Jews No Golfers

There's a battle against Jews on the golf links. For a long time several clubs have refused to take Jews as new members. Now a famous southern club has notified fifty players that application for renewal of membership at the end of the financial year would be useless.

A big protest is planned, we're glad to hear.

Spoil Sport

One club in Surrey, when a new member is proposed, asks: "Is your friend a Jew?" "Is your friend a bookmaker?"

Yet this club had a Jew as secretary for many years; the other club to which we've referred was much honoured by the presence of Royalty at a time when about a quarter of its membership was Jewish.

And it seems to us that the people responsible for this odd "purge" must have heads as hard as the golf-clubs they wield.

Favourites Only

Favouritism is an evil that most public bodies try to keep hidden.

Not so Belfast.

A new system there allows every councillor to nominate men for vacancies; men get jobs because they are friendly with a councillor or one of his friends.

Fortunately, the system is working badly. Members of the Corporation are so badgered with requests for employment that they wish they'd never invented the bad new rule. Well, if they have a grain of sense the remedy should be pretty plain.

Beecham's Ban

For a great man, Sir Thomas Beecham talks in very unguarded terms. But stronger than any of his criticisms of Britain is his action in banning newspaper music critics from Covent Garden.

Sir Thos. Beecham: Bans Critics

In the case of this lesser conductor we might suspect him of seeking publicity: in the case of Beecham we can only ascribe it to temperament.

No one can blame him for exercising a strict discipline over his musicians in order to get the effect he desires. He will have only himself to blame if, in attempting to dragoon the Press and through the Press the public, he achieves a "Boycott Beecham" effect.

More Birching

A nine-year-old Hereford boy is sentenced to six strokes of the birch. His offence—cruelty to lambs which he maimed or killed—was sickening to hear.

But the boy is mentally backward. Obviously he needs care and teaching. Obviously you can't cure mental backwardness by inflicting pain.

Sir Samuel Hoare should consider this case.

School for Fishermen

Rope-knotting and radio telegraphy will be taught in a new sort of school at Fleetwood, where elementary-school boys who want to be fishermen will go at the age of twelve for a two years' training course.

We have long advocated a more practical type of education for youngsters who want to be artisans and technicians. The Fleetwood experiment, we hope, will be quickly followed by others as obvious and admirable.

KNOCK-OUTS

Herr Hitler: "Germany re-armed because other nations re-armed. But nevertheless she has only pacific intentions." *Disarming statement that will help disarmament.*

* * *

Mabel Constanduros: "Many a plain woman has cooked her way into a man's heart, many a pretty one has cooked her way out again." *And good plain cooks remain more rare than good plain women.*

* * *

Uncle Sam, U.S.A.: "There should be lower duties on American cars imported into Britain." *I hate tariffs, but we're buying more American cars than ever, twice as many general goods as you buy from us*

BRITAIN'S Slave Gangs

It may be a fine road, but the men who have slaved to make our highways deserve better treatment

By BRYN ROBERTS

General Secretary of the National Union of Public Employees

EARLIER in the year our Government transferred from local to national control more than 4,500 miles of main trunk roads.

That huge change-over was deemed necessary on account of the amazing growth of road traffic—more than 34 per cent. between 1931 and 1936—and the inability, owing to a variety of circumstances, of the various county councils and other authorities which previously controlled these roads, to modernise and adapt them to present and future needs.

Although the control of these main highways has been transferred to the Ministry, the county councils continue to carry on the work as agents of the Ministry.

Nevertheless, the entire cost of maintaining and improving these important arteries is now borne by the National Exchequer and not by the local ratepayer—in addition to which the continuation of the Ministry's grants of 60 and 50 per cent., respectively, in respect of Class I and Class II roads is also assured.

Now, this national adoption of the country's main-road arteries was necessary for a variety of reasons.

Before the operation of the Trunk Roads Act, with its unified control, no less than 1,300 separate authorities were in charge of our highways.

In these circumstances, which bordered on chaos, fatal and non-fatal road accidents reached alarming proportions, and in order to arrest this virtual slaughter—in the view of the traffic experts—it was imperative that a more uniform road standard in respect of road surface, traffic signals, lighting, and so on, should be established.

This was impossible when so many separate authorities exercised control, and so national ownership was inevitable.

But although these main highways have been taken out of the control of the county councils, these authorities remain responsible for the employment of the workmen necessary to carry out the work of maintaining and improving these highways. These authorities also fix their wages and working hours.

While a number of county councils endeavour to treat their employees fairly, there are a number which, for apparently unaccountable reasons, impose such scandalously low wages and insist upon such long hours, that the conditions of some thousands of these highly skilled road workers are little better, if any, than the unhappy pauper.

Some of them acknowledge no continuity of employment, entertain no proper overtime rates, nor service conditions, and resent trade union representation, which they regard as a form of unwarranted interference.

Such criticisms as JOHN BULL has made of them from time to time have been treated with cold indifference.

They regard the bulk of their employees as casuals, engaging them and dismissing them with an amazing nonchalance.

It is true that after persistent trade union endeavours some slight improvements have been obtained.

In a number of instances, however, these councils, dominated by wealthy employers, farmers, land-owners and retired officers, with a few commendable exceptions, remain positively blind to the claims of these semi-starved workers.

Hard words, but they can be substantiated. Take the case of one county council (there are many others like it) on the east coast, whose area is the converse of a depressed one.

For a 50-hour week's work, performed in all winds and weathers, it pays its road workers the miserable pittance of 33s., from which unemployment and health insurance are deducted, leaving a net sum of 31s. 5d.

A man, wife and three children in receipt of unemployment benefit receive a total of £1 15s.—in all conscience, low enough! The road workers, however, frequently with much larger families, have to exist on a net wage of 31s. 5d., after 50 hours of hard, appetite-creating work.

Here is one such case I have investigated. It is that of a road worker with a wife and six children.

Out of his net wage of 31s. 5d. he pays 9s. rent. In a manner bordering on the miraculous, the sum of 6s. 4d. covers such items as clothes, boots, hire purchase, insurance, clubs, and an occasional newspaper.

★ Just 16s. 1d. is left to feed eight persons for a full week. At three meals a day (they get four in the Army) the cost per meal must be less than 1½d.

Let me crystallise that. The death-rate for people earning from 25s. to 35s. a week is more than double that of people who earn 75s.

This case is not an exception. It is typical of these road workers. *Can those county councils justify such an inhuman state of affairs?*

These tight-fisted councils are a menace to the community. By paying such wages and deliberately pauperising their own employees, they are destroying the dignity of labour, the pride of craft, and are removing all incentive to do a job and to do it well.

I have seen the womenfolk of some of these road workers.

Their pale, sunken cheeks told their own tale of want and hopeless struggle to make ends meet. The misery of the children is not less appalling. These helpless victims rarely get any new clothes—their attire invariably consists of the cut-downs of discarded adult clothing.

The effect of these improvised garments is undeniably depressing, and it inculcates a spirit of inferiority which will have an evil influence upon them for the remander of their lives.

Needless to say, acute suffering as a result of insufficient warm clothing and sound footwear amongst these children of our public servants is commonplace.

It is said that the labourer is worthy of his hire; that he is entitled to recreation and the reasonable pleasures of life. These are denied the county road worker. No such luck for him!

No holidays; no books; little, if any, ordinary home comforts come within his reach.

A drab, monotonous life is the lot of these road workers, by whose skill our highways are maintained.

I have made no comment upon the widespread malnutrition which blights their lives.

Proper, body-building foods necessary for the maintenance of good health *cannot* be provided out of the wages that permit of a few farthings only being spent on each meal.

Their dietary is mainly bread, margarine, potatoes and skimmed milk—and then again bread, margarine, potatoes and skimmed milk.

Living in the food-producing counties, they cannot afford the food yielded by the green fields around them.

These tragic and indisputable facts sound ironical when it is realised that the farming interests of these county councils maintain wages at such low levels that the road worker is unable to buy that which the farmer himself produces, and is compelled to obtain cheaper and inferior products imported from a foreign country.

★ The country's local government service is an example to the whole world. It should not be disgraced by this inhuman exploitation of the road worker, which is only paralleled by the conditions of the wage earners in the early part of the last century.

I say that unless their proper obligations to the employees are acknowledged, and the necessary reforms at once instituted, the whole local government service will be brought into disrepute.

The county councils have lost control of the trunk roads. Will they prove unable to control the road workers engaged thereon?

If representations, which are now being urgently made on behalf of this down-trodden section are unfruitful, a Government enquiry will be sought. The Government, by its own local government legislation, cannot refuse such a request.

If the Government thought fit, in the interests of public safety, to transfer the control of our highways to a national authority, it cannot be indifferent to the horrible conditions which the county councils concerned, acting as agents of the Ministry, now impose upon those engaged on these vital highways.

And what about the Government's emphasis on the desirability of improving the physical fitness of the people? Doesn't the road worker and his wife and children matter?

No, county councils, which by low wages inflict upon their employees and their families a condition bordering on starvation, must not be allowed to defeat the ends which local government exists to serve.

For remember that it is not out of regard for the ratepayer that wage increases are refused. The burden is now one chiefly for the Exchequer to bear.

Anyhow, the motorists alone pay £78,000,000 in various ways to the Treasury. Although only £25,000,000 of it is spent on road building, there is no need for parsimony.

If our highways must, in the public interest, be made to conform to more uniform standards, and if the Government is truly concerned with the safety of those who use these highways, the claim of these humble workers who create and maintain those roads for a fair living wage standard cannot be denied.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BEWARE the CHARITY QUADS!

THERE is still no indication that the Government intends to give the brief Parliamentary time that would be necessary for legislation to kill the bogus charities imposition on the public.

But, more and more, private M.P.s are becoming restive at the inaction, particularly as a new outbreak of activity on the part of sham charity promoters is proving to be the biggest yet recorded.

If the Cabinet needed evidence of the urgency for swift action, it will never get it more definitely than now, when an extensive ramp is being operated in every corner of Britain under the cloak of the schemes for the relief of people in the stricken industrial districts.

* * *

In almost every populous part of Britain, offices, shops and houses are being visited by relays of men and women who represent an organisation named the Distressed Areas Relief Society, and who give, in exchange for a minimum subscription of a shilling, stamps bearing the portraits of the King and Queen and the princesses, and pictures of the Houses of Parliament and other State buildings.

Clearly, the purpose is to give the public the impression that the Distressed Areas Relief Society is conducted under official auspices.

This organisation is, in fact, the most trumpery and unsatisfactory enterprise of its kind which has ever been launched.

It is nothing more than a private concern brought into existence for his own profit by an individual named James Thomson, who has an address in High Street, Putney, London.

Teams of agents whom he has appointed throughout the country convey to the public by clever special pleading that donations and the purchase price of the Royal stamps are devoted to the succour of the inhabitants of the derelict regions.

These children are off to the sea under honest auspices. But promoters of sham charities who entice money to provide poor kiddies with summer outings are now intensely active

The truth is that by far the most of the money being raked in is used for the benefit of Thomson and his legion of collectors.

A recent test of the genuineness of the Distressed Areas Relief Society revealed that only about 6 per cent. of the money gathered in was distributed for the purpose for which it had been subscribed.

It was found, in other words, that out of a unit of £40 collected, not less than £37 10s. was used for salaries, expenses, and commissions.

The motto of this absurd society is "Something Will Be Done!" Something should be done—to crush it.

Quite as bad are the supposed charities—a very large number have lately come into existence—which are conducted in the guise of religious effort.

None of this type seems to merit stronger condemnation than a movement called the Christian Congregational Society, which has headquarters both in the Nottingham and Walsall areas, but which sends its appeals far and wide over the country.

A corps of collectors, dressed in blue uniforms with peaked caps and glittering badges, is on the move persuading the public to provide funds for food, clothing and coal for the poor and for the organisation of children's summer outings.

One of the collecting books of the Christian Congregational Society which is in the possession of JOHN BULL has affixed to the cover a photograph of a large number of children on holiday at the seaside, and it is clearly intended to represent one of the presumed charitable activities of the society.

But we find that the picture was originally issued as propaganda for a body with which the Christian Congregational Society has no connection at all.

The value of this society can be judged by the fact that it is also a one-man enterprise—founded and operated by person named Major E. V. Hill. Th rank of "major" is as bogus as th charity.

A number of enquiries have reache JOHN BULL this week regarding financi appeals being made to the public on b half of the Hospital Book Fund, whic has an address in Fallows Road, Sparl brook, Birmingham.

Its purpose is to supply books to ho pital patients—an excellent object, bu one already well and adequately fu filled by the Red Cross Libraries Ass ciation.

Our enquiries regarding the Hospit Book Fund show that it also exist wholly by the activities of profession collectors who obtain for themselves no less than one-half of the money sub scribed to the charity, with an allow ance, in addition, for expenses.

* * *

JOHN BULL has also had in the las few days to make an investigation o another spurious and redundant charit with the title "St. Christopher's Hom for Destitutes," which is represented t exist at Old Trafford, Manchester, an on behalf of which the public is bein canvassed on a big scale in many town and counties.

St. Christopher's Home for Destitute is nothing more than a private house with a card in a window announcin that it is a haven for the poor and needy.

And it is also the residence of a person named Pat Nolan. He is the promote of the far-flung appeal in the name o St. Christopher, and he also works on the principle of hiring collectors on a 50 per cent. basis of the subscriptions received.

Why the Government continues to refuse facilities for legislation to sup press impudent ventures like these is beyond comprehension.

Plundering Mr. Postles

OFFICES in Queen's Road, Brighton, have been for some weeks the headquarters of William Postles, a financier and business expert, whose activities deserve the prompt attention of the authorities.

Concerns launched by Postles sink almost as soon as they are floated.

He has been advertising extensively offering to finance almost any trading proposition.

Anyone who places confidence in Postles may expect no better treatment than has been given to a North London man for whom he proposed to register a company and to issue a series of bonds amounting to £5,000 for the exploitation of an important invention.

Long after paying over a substantial sum of money to Postles, the man has found that even the preliminaries of the registration have not been carried through and that Postles now resolutely refuses to meet him.

A victim who has suffered a similar fate is the proprietor of a hotel in the Isle of Wight, who, after meeting Postles' demands for the cost of forming a hotel company, has also been left in the lurch and cannot obtain even an interview.

So it has been also with a Plymouth business man and other people who have paid money to Postles on the promise of being provided with additional capital to develop their trading interests.

JOHN BULL finds that Postles has been an associate of the notorious financial adventurer Albert Flintoff, who was recently sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude for fraudulent conversion.

There is every reason why Postles should soon be given the companionship of his former colleague in Dartmoor

BIG *Business* BLUFFER

FEW more plausible rascals have engaged the attention of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department recently than William Aaron Davis, who has been exploiting people far and wide from various addresses in and around Southend-on-Sea.

Davis introduced himself to this resort as a fancy goods dealer who wished only to carry on a small business to win himself a modest livelihood.

* * *

But in a few weeks he was negotiating for the appointment of numerous agents and salesmen who, to obtain employment with him, had to make substantial investments. Soon, however, they were receiving only promises instead of salaries and their efforts to recover the money paid to Davis were futile.

Next Davis emerged as a distributor of medical preparations, again offering employment to canvassers and salesmen, who soon found themselves stranded.

Nothing daunted, Davis transformed himself into what he audaciously called the Reliance Trading Company, but it also quickly vanished—to the dismay of creditors.

We have been specially interested in Davis's newest enterprise—the most impudent of all. With extraordinary effrontery, he has taken the stage as the Southern Traders' Association, the principal function of which has been represented to be debts recovery on behalf of shopkeepers and business people.

William A. Davis

It would be difficult to imagine anyone less fitted to collect other people's debts than William Davis.

Our records show that once, in a very short period, he obtained by fraud more than £10,000 from small investors and that when he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude the judge described him as an unusually clever rogue and a danger to the commercial community.

More recently, in sentencing him to twelve months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences, the Brighton magistrates declared that his methods of systematic swindling were the most shocking that had ever been disclosed in all their experience.

ROGUE IN FOUR MASKS

A WEB of cruel and audacious fraud has been revealed by our investigation of the activities of a series of companies which, at first, appeared to have not the slightest connection with each other.

They seemed, indeed, to be directed by four separate individuals, named Swinford, Francis, Merritt and Scott, each of whom represented himself to be a company promoter, a salesmanship expert, an insurance broker and an advertising agent respectively.

One of the firms, trading under the name of Messrs. Champions, from an office in St. Paul's Churchyard, has proved to be no more than a great fee-snatching organisation.

* * *

Completely fraudulent also is a company named Merritt (London), Ltd., the clients of which have been promised facilities to obtain capital for the development of promising businesses. By means of its promises, the Merritt company has obtained a considerable income but has given no service in return.

Many small investors have been attracted by the announcements of a firm called Scott, Harrison and Co., which has been offering remunerative directorships in new business enterprises in exchange for deposits of about £200 each.

This firm also is founded on roguery.

Behind all these swindling concerns is a person named John Harrison. He is Swinford, Francis, Merritt and Scott, the respecting managing director of each.

And we can identify John Harrison as a criminal who has been in prison at least five times in the past ten years for serious fraud. The sooner he is back in jail the better.

Patrick Smith—induced to resign. Unjustified but terrible rumour is now rife

Miss Ruby Keen, the murdered girl, and (right) Mr. W. Jones, whose dismissal from the police service is also disquieting

MYSTERY of Ruined Policemen

NEXT week public attention will be focused on one of the most sensational murder trials held at the Old Bailey for years.

A young man named Leslie Stone will be arraigned on a charge of causing the death of Miss Ruby Keen, aged twenty-three, who, ten weeks ago, was found almost naked and strangled in a lovers' lane near her home at Hockliffe, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

Unknown to the general public, this tragedy has in the last few days had a remarkable sequel—one so disquieting that it is bound to be dealt with on the floor of the House of Commons.

It will be remembered that when the circumstances of the murder horrified the country last April, it was made known that Miss Keen was engaged to be married and that her wedding had been arranged to take place soon.

Her fiancé was Mr. Patrick Smith, a former Grenadier Guardsman, who for the past three years has been a constable in the Bedfordshire Police.

"On the Mat"

A few days ago Mr. Smith left the police service, and it is the circumstances of his departure from it which demand the highest official attention.

On the day after Miss Keen's funeral it was announced in police orders that Constable Smith was to be moved immediately from the district where he was serving and where the tragedy took place to another division about twenty miles away.

Smith had, of course, been in great distress, and the transfer was clearly in his own interest.

He was so upset both by the death of his sweetheart and the publicity given to his position in the police force that he even offered to resign. But a kindly senior officer counselled him otherwise, and persuaded him that he would benefit best by a period of service in another area of the county.

So it proved. After two months, Constable Smith felt that he was again becoming his normal self. He could not forget, but, in other surroundings, his suffering became less sharp.

For some reason, Smith began to feel lately that in a certain section of the local police force there was some regret that his offer of resignation had not been accepted.

No doubt his suspicion was unfounded and was inspired only by his belief that the publicity given to his engagement to Miss Keen was unpleasant and unwelcome to some people.

Anyhow, Smith did leave the service a few days ago. This is the manner in which he went.

He was summoned to present himself to a superior officer, who said to him: "You have to go on the mat," and further stated that a misconduct report would be made against him.

Smith was handed a document containing a statement by another officer to the effect that he had been seen in the company of a man and two women after midnight on the previous Sunday at a place twenty miles from the district where he was stationed.

The statement did not contain the names of the people with whom he was reported to have been in company, nor in any way identify them.

It is a rule of county police forces that an officer, even when off duty, must not leave his district without obtaining permission.

Smith had not sought the necessary permit.

How trivial was his offence can be appreciated when the whole facts are made known.

On the Sunday referred to, Smith had been on duty from 4 p.m. until midnight.

On reaching his lodgings, he found awaiting him Mrs. Keen (the mother of his murdered fiancée), her son and her daughter-in-law.

They had made the twenty-mile journey to call on him, unaware that he was on night duty. On learning this fact, they decided to wait, depending on Smith being able to take them home in his small motor-car.

He did so—and they were the people in whose company he had been reported to be seen.

There was nothing sinister in his actions or his movements. He merely performed a friendly act for people who were near and dear to him.

Will You . . . ?

After driving them home, he was back in his lodgings in less than three hours.

Remember, it was after midnight. If Smith had sought permission to make the short journey, he would have had to rouse a senior officer from his sleep.

The idea of stern disciplinary action being taken against any man in such circumstances may be thought too remote to be seriously entertained even for a moment.

Not so in the case of Constable Smith.

He was asked if he would resign from the police force voluntarily forthwith.

He refused.

Several times a similar question was addressed to him. Plain hints were also given that it would be considered desirable if his association with the police ended.

At last he gave way. He signed a document of resignation. He could see that his removal was wanted. He was being impelled to go.

The seriousness of all this is that in a few days rumour has run riot in Bedfordshire. Gossip is branding Smith unjustifiably but more deeply with every passing hour.

But Smith is guilty of no greater crime than having shown ordinary courtesy to the bereaved family of his dead sweetheart.

When a police officer is dismissed or called upon to resign he has the privilege of being able to appeal to the Home Secretary. Because he was induced to resign voluntarily, Smith, it may be suggested, has technically lost that right.

It must be given to him.

More than that. When the Home Secretary consents to hear the appeal, as he is morally bound to do, he must not only announce his decision in the House of Commons, but tell Parliament all the facts which have given rise to this extraordinary situation.

It is in the interests of the whole police service, and of Mr. Smith in particular, that this should be done.

When the Home Secretary has disposed of the case of Mr. Smith there is still another one which needs his closest attention.

It concerns Mr. William Jones, who, until a few days ago, was stationed at Slough, as a member of the Bucks Constabulary.

P.C. Jones was on duty in the High Street of Slough—a most important thoroughfare which forms part of the Great West Road from London to Bath. He observed that a motor-car which had been left unattended for seventy minutes was causing considerable obstruction and congestion.

After a search he traced the owner of the car and informed him that he would have to submit a report for the purpose of a summons.

No summons was issued against the motorist. Only a caution was served on him.

Dismissed!

Since then at least two cases of traffic obstruction in the same thoroughfare have been dealt with at Slough Police Court. The drivers concerned in them had left their vehicles unattended for only twenty minutes and thirty minutes—not seventy minutes as in the case reported by Jones in which no action was taken.

Jones approached a senior officer and asked if the evidence he had furnished was not sufficient to justify the issue of a summons.

This was resented. He was accused of insubordination and suspended from duty.

Now he has been dismissed outright from the police service!

These are two remarkable cases to have occurred in one week. The public will await the Home Office verdict on both with unusual interest.

THE HERO UNDER HIS GRIME

SOME days ago the funeral cortège of Catherine Harrington, a twelve-year-old child, made its way through the streets of Port Talbot.

Onlookers were surprised when they saw a man run fast from a side street and take a lone place behind the company of mourners, whom he followed to the graveside.

He looked an odd figure as he tramped behind the procession.

Obviously he was a miner. He was in his pit clothes. The grime of his trade was caked on has face and hands.

The man was Mr. Martin Evans, of Beach Street, Aberavon.

Some days previously he had been walking on the foreshore at Port Talbot when screams told him that someone was in danger in the sea.

He ran 300 yards and found that little Catherine Harrington had fallen into the water from the pier.

Another man had arrived before him and had jumped into the sea. Evans saw that the child and her rescuer were both likely to be drowned.

He kicked off his shoes and dived. Just as he reached her, the girl was swept away by a great wave.

Evans dived and dived again, but he could not find her.

Then he saw that the man who had preceded him into the water was at the point of exhaustion. He swam ashore with him against terrible difficulties—the third life he has saved in recent years.

And back he went into the sea to recover the body of the child.

Naturally, Evans wished to attend the funeral of Catherine. But he could not afford to lose a day's wages by absenting himself from the pit for a full shift.

Evans has been a miner for 27 years, and has worked in the same colliery all that time without a break.

So he approached the mine management and asked if he would be allowed to leave the mine a little earlier than usual so that he could get to his home, change his clothing, and be present at the funeral.

Permission was refused.

The coal-masters have no place for sentiment in their business or in the lives of their workers.

At the end of the shift, when the cage reached the surface, Evans sprinted away from the pit.

That is why passers-by in the streets of Port Talbot saw a black-faced man in his working dress dashing through the town to find a funeral procession, and to take a place at the rear of the mourners.

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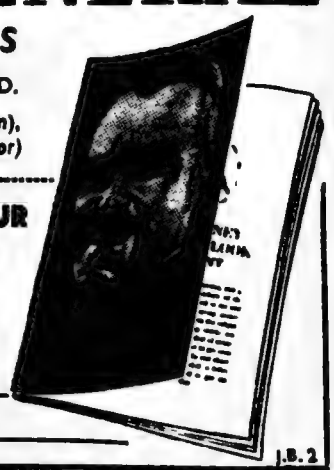

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

THE BISHOP'S "HEIL HITLER"

Guns Before Butter For Us—Banning the Dog—Mayfair's Big Workshy Army

DEAR BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER,—I am too charitable to accuse you of ignorance; I can only presume that you are deluding yourself that some things are not so terrible as they seem.

Such things as mass persecution, murder, maiming, perversion of justice, militarism.

For these brutalities are the results of the Nazi-ism which you defend.

You would have us judge it, "not by the foolish utterances of the more extreme members of the Party, but by the more sympathetic accounts which are given us by such writers as Dr. Fabricius.'

This doctor tells us that Hitler realises the life of Christ to an extraordinary degree. He says that Hitler, in helping Germany "to rise from the laxity and neglect into which it had fallen to a sense of moral discipline, fulfils the law of Christ respecting love in a way few mortals could ever hope to emulate."

* * *

Is it part of the law of Christ to flog your enemies with steel whips until the floor runs with blood? To beat them insensible with rubber truncheons?

To send them to the execution block after a mockery of a trial? To drive Jews into exile, humiliate them, confiscate their belongings?

To glorify war? To preach that the best form of religion is the accordance of divine honours to Hitler?

Even you and I will agree on the only answer that can be given to these questions. But you will say, no doubt, that it is unfair to judge a political philosophy by such unfortunate manifestations.

And I am going to confess at once that I should not like Britain to be judged by such things as the Means Test. Nor am I one of those who regard Hitler as a fiend incarnate.

* * *

The fact remains that Hitler, the leader of a great nation, has not tried to prevent or even to condone the excesses of his sadistic followers.

However lofty his aims may be, he has encouraged the persecution of the Jews and those Christians whose views on politics differ from his own.

He is allowing his Ministers to wage war against Christian Churches, to train children to use the rifle and the bayonet.

And these crimes are an integral feature of the Nazi doctrine rather than unfortunate lapses. It is a doctrine which insists upon intolerance and denies mercy.

I believe it is necessary, in the interests of world peace, to cultivate friendly relations with Germany. But it does not follow that we should have to profess admiration for the German Government and the outrages which would have disgraced the barbarians of five thousand years ago.

And I can only regret that an English prelate should shut his eyes to avoid admitting the existence of those crimes against humanity.—JOHN BULL.

The Bishop who won't face the facts!

Rev. D. R. JONES,
Glamorgan

REVEREND SIR,—Yes, it's an "abominable position" that the supply of agricultural implements is being starved to meet the demand for bombs and shells.

As chairman of the Glamorgan Agricultural Committee, you are keenly irked by that cruel absurdity.

While we shall want food in another war, it also seems true that the Government accepts the German dictum: "Guns before butter."—JOHN BULL.

Dr. R. M. WALKER,
Maybole, Ayrshire

DEAR DOCTOR,—Though I share your regret at the slowness of slum clearance in Maybole, of which you are medical officer, I disagree about prohibiting dogs on the new council housing estate.

Why should a man who happens to live in a council house be denied the pleasure of keeping a pet? Insist that dogs should not live in the house, if you like. But don't say to the poor man, "Thou shall not keep a dog."

That's intolerant, impudent, foolish.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. IVAN SNELL,
Metropolitan Magistrate

YOUR WORSHIP,—I, too, have no sympathy for people who won't work for a living—when they can get it. To that extent I agree with your advice to a tramp to combine his love for an open-air life with haymaking or other work "rather than exist like a dumb beast."

But what a row there'd be if similar magisterial advice were given to that large army of wealthy idlers who are content to browse in the luxurious fastnesses of Mayfair!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Keep a closer eye on your officials.

There has just been brought to your notice a case in which a young girl, transferred from her native distressed town to a big city, was told that lodgings had been arranged for her by your local officers. When she arrived she found that nothing had been done.

The plight of a young girl homeless in a strange city is far too serious to be excused.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. SEAGER,
Clerk, West Sussex County Council

DEAR SIR,—Your council's scheme for preserving rural areas for unrestricted building is excellent, the more so because West Sussex is still one of our loveliest counties.

But we have already seen how some of its stretches have been ruined by bungaloid growths and other monstrosities; and I, for one, can only regret that your plans were not laid earlier. And why must they take several years to be completed?—JOHN BULL.

GEORGE BUCKNALL,
Castle Donington, Butcher

BUCKNALL.—Probably you won't read this—for you'll spend the next two months in jail, besides being heavily fined—but it gives me a lot of satisfaction to write it.

In a shed near your slaughterhouse, meat was found which had been gnawed by rodents. The place was filthy; elsewhere beasts' heads were found black with age; in another shed there was a dead dog.

That dog was a more decent object than yourself.—JOHN BULL.

The GENERAL MANAGERS,
Railway Companies

GENTLEMEN,—You already have compartments for smokers, non-smokers and for ladies only. Why not reserve some for "children only" on the holiday trains?

These would be set apart for parents with youngsters, especially babies, who need especial care in travelling and often annoy other passengers in a compartment.

Will you think it over?—JOHN BULL.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT COM.,
Bellshill, Lanark

GENTLEMEN,—What a pity the janitor at Bothwell school had to tell you that he was ashamed of the outworn raincoat he wore when he stood at the school gates to see the children cross the road in safety!

As he was paid only 4s. a week for his work in firing the school boilers, he couldn't afford a new coat. Now you have raised his wages, agreed to give him a coat.

But it's only politeness that entitles you to "Thank you."—JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. W. JONES,
Penarth

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Nothing done by your council is "Hush, hush!" you say.

Then why attack Pressmen who get first-hand information from councillors rather than wait until it is doled out to them by officials?

If there is nothing to hide there is surely no reason why ratepayers shouldn't be told at once how their representatives propose to spend their money.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. J. CROWE, Blaenavon: Shocked by your report of five people sleeping in one bed, of houses which should be burned. Some landlords want sending to hot place, too.—JOHN BULL.

Our Impertinent Interviewer Records

The Judgment of Jarge

"DID you see that they're out to improve English inns?" asked the Editor, frowning inimically over a newspaper cutting.

"They?"

"The Poet Laureate, Dame Sybil Thorndike and other light-hearted girls and boys. They've been writing to the *Times* about it."

"And who shall blame them? As a week-end road-hog with a dislike of picnic provender, I am a frequent member of the congregation at ye olde English hostelry, and I've for long felt that something drastic should be done as regards macedoine."

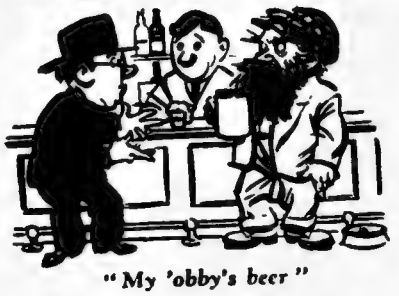
The Editor reared like a startled horse. "As regards *what*?"

"Macedoine—some people, of course, pronounce it the other way, but they're both wrong. You know—two prunes in a tangle of rhubarb. Nobody who has ever visited a rural inn for lunch can——"

"You've got it all wrong," grunted the Editor. "Here"—he tossed across the newspaper cutting—"you'd better look into it."

★ One glance at the headline, "Art In The Inn," was enough to reveal the seriousness of the situation. What do they know of rural England who only Oxford and the Old Vic. know? Here was something that obviously called for an authoritative pronouncement from someone with a finger on the pulse of public opinion in the darts and skittles counties.

Like the Mounties, the Impertinent Interviewer always gets his man. So when in the taproom of the Pot and Hogshead I encountered what looked like an isolated hedge of whiskers, I felt justified in assuming that behind or beyond that hedge lurked a yeoman of England.



"My 'obby's beer"

"May I take it that you are a pew-holder here?" I enquired.

From the depth of the undergrowth a voice announced: "Oi be Jarge."

"I felt pretty sure you would be. Well, I've come all the way from Long Acre to ask you a question."

Down in the forest something stirred, and from somewhere among the tangled face foliage a grin emerged. "Don't mind if I do," said Jarge.

It was a fascinating experience observing how, by means of suction, the rich, brown liquid was disengaged from a top-dressing of froth and conveyed through a cat's-cradle of whiskers to its ultimate destination, and it was with an effort that I wrenched my mind from the contemplation of this feat to the business in hand.

"You will be interested to learn," I told my maltworthy companion, "that there is a movement afoot to brighten the drab lives of dwellers in darkest England by arranging recitals of verse and prose at village inns. It has been objected in some quarters that such frivolity would be an unseemly accompaniment to the serious business of drinking, and I am anxious to have your views. I don't know whether in these parts you have hitherto made a hobby of Euripides?"

"Wot be you sayin'?"

"I was saying, I don't know whether your hobby——"

"Aye"—the head attached to the whiskers nodded emphatically—"that be it—my 'obby's beer."

★ "The Poet Laureate," I explained, having given the barman the necessary order, "feels that you and other enlightened lads of the village must often yearn for something more intellectually stimulating than darts or skittles, and his idea is that these recitals will not only render a night at the inn rather more jocund, but they will also—er—how does he put it?—oh, yes—they will encourage 'a wider appreciation of our language and literature in its higher forms.' What, may I ask, is your opinion?"

A cupped hand went to the starboard side of the hedge: "Oi be a bit 'ard o' 'earing."

"That, of course, will give you an advantage when attending the recitals," I agreed; "but it is as a typical representative of the rural community that I am asking you——"

"Thankee kindly; the same again," explained Jarge.

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HOSPITAL FUNDS Scandal

By A. G. GARDINER

PERHAPS you will say that this is a cry that has echoed sufficiently in the pages of JOHN BULL. But I shall venture to sound it again, for it is the cry of the poor and afflicted, and until it is heeded and answered the gravest defect in our social armament will remain unhealed.

I am moved to refer to it now because of the SOS that has been sent out by King's College Hospital. This famous institution, after a century of service, is in dire necessity.

It has issued an appeal for £400,000 to enable it to carry on its work. Its resources are exhausted, its securities impounded to meet its current requirements, and its situation so desperate that recently it has been compelled to withhold the monthly cheques to its salaried staff.

This is not an isolated case: it is a typical case. It does not apply to London only, but to the whole country.

Everywhere and every day the great healing agencies of the country are going cap-in-hand to the public to save them from bankruptcy and disaster.

We are all familiar with the spectacle of the students and nurses of some famous institution coming out into the streets clad in motley, shaking their contribution boxes under our noses, and gathering our shillings and half-crowns.

Sometimes a beggar of genius, like the late Lord Holland, keeps the wolf from the door of some great hospital by his herculean exertions.

But such men are scarce, and, even if they were plentiful, it is monstrous that the greatest social service of the country should be dependent upon charitable appeals.

I am far from speaking contemptuously of that "quality of mercy" which is "twice blessed" and which is one of the most beautiful attributes of humanity. The world would be an arid place without it.

BUT in a vast, organised community like ours, the health of the people is beyond the scope of mercy. It is a problem not of kindly feeling to be solved with street collections. It is a problem of national defence.

It was said thousands of years ago that the strength of Athens was not in its walls, but in its people, and the fate of this country to-day rests no less upon the quality of the men and women who compose it. Until we see this great question in this light we shall not effectively grapple with it.

Is it not fantastic that, without a murmur of opposition, we should agree to spend £1,500,000,000 of money on the material equipment of national defence and leave the health of the people, which can alone make that equipment effective, to the fate of street collections?

And it is not national security alone that is at stake, but our economic welfare.

The sickness bill of this country, through treatment costs and loss of wages, is estimated to exceed £300,000,000 a year. Even as a matter of finance and trade—putting aside considerations of security and humanity—the reduction of this vast waste of our national resources is the most urgent of our problems. No money that we spend is spent so reproductively as that which is spent in improving the health and physical fitness of our people.

It is not merely money saved: moral and spiritual values are enhanced.

It is not necessary here to dwell at length on the manifold deficiencies of our hospital system. They have been the subject of repeated exposure in these columns.

THE buildings are often insufficient and antiquated. For the most part they were erected long ago and are ill-adapted to the requirements of modern science. The institutions overlap. The staffs are poorly paid and often indifferently housed.

The out-patients' departments are frequently a disgrace. Few hospital executives deny the existence of "waiting" on so large a scale as to be a general scandal.

The provision for maternity cases is deplorably insufficient. In one of the biggest mining areas in Yorkshire there is no maternity hospital within twenty-five miles.

Even where hospitals can take patients in, any sufficient ante-natal and convalescence is often impossible. The mother is brought in too late and turned out too soon.

Why must they go cap in hand to the public?

"For every 3,000 women who die in childbirth," says a well-known obstetrician, "another 5,000 die afterwards because of want of proper care." And apart from this is the mass of semi-invalidism that is left behind.

What is the root of the failure? It is the absence of a coherent national organisation for combating disease. We do not leave our defences against a military enemy to chance and casual generosity. The State steps in and says "This must be done."

But in the war against human suffering our armaments are left to chance.

Except in one direction. The State provides adequately against such a general menace as infectious disease and also for the treatment of lunacy.

But in the fight against the thousand vicissitudes of human life it takes no part. There are in this country about 1,850 hospitals, having a total of 215,000 beds.

Of these hospitals, a thousand or so are voluntary, maintained almost entirely by donations and bequests. The other 800 are the old workhouse and infirmary institutions transformed into hospitals and supported out of the rates.

It is the voluntary hospitals that are the crux of the problem. They have done magnificent work in the past and are doing magnificent work still. That work is a tribute to the humanity of the British public and to the self-sacrificing spirit of the medical profession which so generously gives its services.

We must all respect the heroic labours of those who are struggling to maintain the purely voluntary status of the hospitals, and everyone would regret to see the wells of charity dried up in this direction.

But the nation's health comes first, and the voluntary principle is breaking down before the huge demands upon it.

The manifold deficiencies of the system are recognised and the recent report of the Voluntary Hospitals Commission, presided over by Lord Sankey, makes a series of recommendations that aim to make it more efficient.

MANY of these recommendations are excellent—*e.g.*, the grouping of hospitals into regions, the formation of regional councils to ensure economies and co-operation, improved methods of fund collection, accountancy, and so on.

But it does not go to the root of the evil. It is more concerned to buttress up the purely voluntary principle than it is to face the harsh facts of its failure.

It does little, for example to co-ordinate the voluntary institutions with the rate-aided institutions, a subject on which Sir George Newman, the late Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, has spoken with such urgency.

In a word, the hospital problem still remains to be solved.

The subject is not one for the decision of voluntary bodies. It must be tackled, as we tackle any other phase of national defence, by State action.

Just A— THE JOB —Human Story

YOU may have read that a fight is being waged to abolish the use of child labour on fast-running machinery.

Well, one of the sternest fighters in the cause took a statement the other day at the hospital bed of a pale little boy of fourteen. He has sent it to us with proof of its authenticity.

We quote from it without embellishment of any kind. The lad's simple language, indeed, brings out a stark truth that might be lost in more descriptive writing:

"Dad has been out of work many years," says the boy, having given details of his name and address. "Of course I like my father, but I love my mother, though she's sometimes impatient with dad.

"I was fourteen the other day, and like most boys I have always been eager to leave school and start working. So it was great news when Mr. ——— found me a job at the ——— Mills. The 10s. a week was going to mean a lot to us.

"I started work on the Monday following my fourteenth birthday. I was put in charge of a great big machine which seemed to be a mass of rollers, wheels and chains, and as the jute came out I had to place it in a can, breaking the jute off when the can got full.

"I was also given a stick to clean part of the machine when it became clogged with fluff.

"During the first week I did quite well, although the noise gave me headaches.

"Then mother began to notice I was getting pale, and I felt ever so tired, but I kept saying I felt all right. I wanted to be helping them at home. Then a dreadful thing happened. Through getting so tired I overslept. By going without breakfast I had just ten minutes to get to the mill, a mile away. Mother worried about me not having breakfast and then running so hard, but I knew I would get the sack if I didn't.

"I clocked in at the very stroke of eight. I felt terribly tired and my eyes felt wrong. I remember starting to tramp the jute. Then I fancied I saw some fluff on the breaker of the big machine, and I reached for the stick.

"I couldn't help shrieking out in horror. I felt so sick and ill. My hand was in agony. It was in the roller. I couldn't pull it out.

"Splintered bones and torn flesh, and hanging limp and all gory with blood. I shrieked like a coward, but I couldn't help it. It hurt so, and my legs felt so weak. I called for mother, and that's all I remember.

* * *

"They are ever so nice to me in hospital, particularly Dr. ———. I feel terribly sorry for mother when she comes. I was the only one taking wages home.

"And some men in striped trousers have been to see me. They don't say who they are. They talk about my hand as if it was a collar-stud I'd lost. I hated to hear them talking about the mill, the machine and the big stick.

"I lie here thinking of the times I used to have before I went to work."

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A TONIC HAIR DRESSING which will cleanse and stimulate scalp, strengthen hair-roots, give luxurious, strong-growing hair of silky lustre. The daily use of this tonic will preserve your hair against loss or deterioration. If your hair is Scanty, Short, Weak, Splitting, Dull, or Coming Out, this Tonic will restore Health, Abundance and Beauty. The name is Fredk. Godfrey's RENAIR HAIR TONIC which is sold at the popular price of 1/9 (or 3/- for a double sized bottle).

(Coupon below brings generous Free Gift Trial Supply.)

A NEW HAIR GROWER—an elegant pomade which has proved such a genuine remedy for baldness and bald patches, that many men and women who were actually bald for years have written to thank the discoverer for restoring their hair and thus rejuvenating their appearance. This astonishing preparation which reactivates and nourishes roots apparently dead is known as Fredk. Godfrey's RENAIR POMADE and is sold at 3/- per carton (or 5/- for the double size).

(Coupon below brings generous Free Gift Trial Supply.)

A NATURAL COLOUR RESTORER which restores grey or faded hair to its original colour by degrees, almost imperceptible to one's friends and relatives, but nevertheless sure and certain, besides being absolutely harmless. Infinitely superior to dyes which cause sudden and conspicuous colour changes. There is thus no longer need for any man or woman to look older than their years, for this never-failing colour-restorer, known as Fredk. Godfrey's RENUKLOR, is sold at 3/- per bottle (or 5/- for the double quantity).

(Coupon below brings generous Free Gift Trial Supply.)

A DANDRUFF LOTION which clears the scalp of Scurf and Dandruff, which are the most common causes of eventual baldness, as they choke and smother each hair below skin level, besides spoiling the look of the hair with white powder or greasy deposits. This quick-acting remedy is Fredk. Godfrey's RENAIR DANDRUFF LOTION sold at 1/9 per bottle (or 3/- for the double size).

(Coupon below brings generous Free Gift Trial Supply.)

SEND NO MONEY

You are cordially invited to take advantage of this Free Testing Offer — whatever your age, whatever the state of your hair.

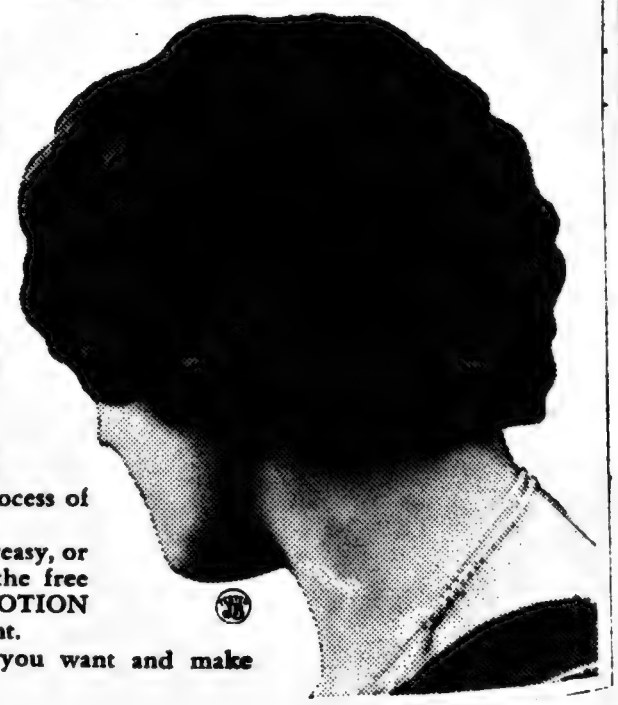
You will find the RENAIR HAIR TONIC most pleasant and highly beneficial.

If your hair is falling out, or even if you are quite bald, the RENAIR HAIR-GROWING POMADE will commence the good work of re-growth.

If Hair is losing colour, or is even quite grey, RENUKLOR, the Natural Colour Restorer, will begin the process of restoration.

If your scalp is dry, irritable, too greasy, or infected with the germs of scurf, the free sample supply of the DANDRUFF LOTION will make a noticeable improvement.

Send the Coupon for whichever you want and make sure of your Free Gift.



Send To-day for the Free Gift Testing Supply of whichever Preparation your Hair requires.

Subsequent supplies from—

BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITE'S, TAYLOR'S, your CHEMIST or HAIRDRESSER.

RENAIR HAIR TONIC
for Weak and Falling Hair
1/9 and **3/-** per bottle.

RENAIR HAIR GROWING POMADE
for Baldness or Loss of Hair
3/- and **5/-** per carton.

RENUKLOR
NATURAL COLOUR RESTORER
for Grey, Faded or Dull Hair
3/- and **5/-** per bottle.

RENAIR DANDRUFF LOTION
ensures clean, healthy Scalp
1/9 and **3/-** per bottle.

To those who prefer to purchase a supply at once, Mr. Fredk. Godfrey would suggest that they can do so with complete confidence under the terms of his positive

Guarantee Purchase a 1/9 bottle of Renair Tonic or Dandruff Lotion, or a 3/- size Pomade or Renuklor. Use half the contents, and if not entirely satisfied, return the remainder to Mr. Godfrey, and the price paid will be refunded in full.

POST THIS COUPON

To FREDERICK GODFREY, Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

Please send me your book on Hair Growth and Maintenance, and Free Gift Testing Supply of.....
(Here state preparation required)

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

NAME.....
(Please state whether Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)

ADDRESS.....

.....

My Hair Trouble is .....

J.B.—19/6/37.

An EMPIRE on ICE!

Russia is sending armoured ice-breakers to crush the obstacles that bar the way to a great new Empire

WEATHER reports are already being wirelessed by "Radio Upol," a station just established on an ice-floe, twelve miles from the North Pole, by a Soviet air expedition.

This is just one more dramatic move in the vast plan which Russia has for founding an "**Arctic Empire.**"

For the cold, impassive wastes of the frozen Arctic Ocean will be invaded this summer by a great human army. Heavily laden air liners will drone within 700 miles of the Pole itself across desolate wastes which man has never visited.

Armoured ice-breakers will crash and grind their way through the frozen seas, to drive open lanes for convoys of busy merchantmen. And in a dozen lonely Arctic outposts radio transmitters will crackle their messages to the world.

✦ ✦ ✦

The U.S.S.R. will complete its drive to open up a vast "Arctic Empire." Stretching from close to the Pole to the limits of the Arctic Circle in desolate Siberia, covering an area two-thirds that of the United States, a vast icy expanse is being tamed by Russian engineers, scientists and technicians.

Hitherto unsuspected mineral deposits of enormous extent are being tapped for gold, oil, coal, phosphate, copper, platinum, silver, and many other treasures actually within the Arctic.

Big new towns are being built where once only nomadic Laplanders roamed. Regular air lines are flying for thousands of miles across untenanted wastes. And a great new shipping line, linking Pacific and Atlantic, is being smashed through the ice-floes of the Arctic Ocean.

For many years Russia has planned the bloodless conquest of its new Empire. Every summer twenty to forty expeditions have set out from the northern boundaries of Siberia — expeditions staffed by mining and fishing experts, geologists, map-makers, weather experts, naturalists and agricultural scientists.

Over their slow ships dozens of big planes have soared, to chart the new frozen world, to land their fearless crews hundreds of miles beyond the nearest human settlement. . . .

A *bloodless* conquest . . .? Not quite. For aircraft have crashed and ships have sunk and lives have been laid down in the realisation of a magnificent national dream.

Now the exploration period is nearly over and human gains are being consolidated in the form of new towns, mines, villages, power stations, railways —and all the paraphernalia of civilisation.

First immediate benefits to Russia will flow from the newly tapped mineral treasures of the Arctic. Already hundreds of men are at work at a new gold-mine in the Arctic region of Kolyma.

Five hundred miles of special roads have been driven to serve these mines—which impartial experts state will rival the greatest Alaskn strikes in richness.

Distances which took a month to cover are now traversed by fast motor-sleds in two hours.

At half a dozen points in the newly opened region vast petroleum deposits have been discovered and are already tapped.

Here in the Arctic, Russian authorities believe, may be reserves of oil which will still be producing long after American and other wells have yielded their last drops.

Armed with the latest electrical and acoustic "oil diviners," parties of prospectors are roaming the lonely snow in search of other underground "lakes."

The North Pole region, showing the surrounding known territory

Coal, too, is now being mined in four important centres. One big mine stretches for miles actually beneath the Arctic Ocean. Another is being worked, under concession from Norway, on the island of Spitzbergen. Millions of tons of coal will be extracted this year.

Perhaps the greatest find so far has been that of enormous phosphate deposits near Murmansk, in Russian Lapland.

Beneath this barren stretch of ground, geologists say, repose 1,000 million tons of phosphate—enough to supply Russia, which was formerly forced to import her requirements, and the rest of the world for generations to come.

It is near Murmansk that the greatest feat of Arctic town-building has been performed. Where once a few stray Laplanders camped, a great town with 40,000 inhabitants has sprung up!

Fighting against sub-zero cold, raging gales and snowstorms, engineers and architects have laid out wide streets and big buildings, raised modern flats, hospitals, schools, a 50,000-kilowatt power station, even a "super" cinema.

Another great town has been created at the inland port of Igarka, on the Yenisei River. Here the almost unlimited supplies of lumber have conjured a city of 20,000 people from a tiny settlement which once housed forty-three lonely pioneers.

Now powerful ice-breakers, radio weather stations and observing aircraft have brought the Yenisei River ports, which tap undreamed-of wealth, within twenty days' sailing of London.

All along the barren shores of Northern Siberia new ports and townships have been laboriously put together. Timber and equipment for the settlements have been brought hundreds of miles from Yakutsk by river.

When the port of Tiksi Bay was founded recently, the first settlers found themselves without lumber for their houses, for the early freezing of the river had locked up for the winter the supplies sent to them.

✦ ✦ ✦

Undaunted, they gathered driftwood and scraps of timber, worked like slaves to improvise a temporary village. They succeeded, and lived through the raging winter in flimsy huts.

To-day a modern trading port stands at Tiksi Bay—monument to the heroic endeavours of a few pioneers.

One of the greatest problems to face the scientists was that of food. For health, a supply of fresh vegetables was essential; otherwise dreaded scurvy might have sabotaged the whole scheme.

Agricultural research stations were set up within the Arctic Circle, with "hot-houses" electrically heated by windmill power stations. Here the experts worked to breed new varieties of vegetables which would mature in the short Arctic summer. The result has been the sowing of thousands of Arctic acres with new, hardy plants.

Robbed of all sunshine during the weeks-long Arctic night, the settlers would undoubtedly have suffered in health and efficiency.

So special clinics, where every man, woman and child is treated regularly with ultra-violet and other ray apparatus during the drear winter, have been built in each centre.

The greatest single achievement of the Arctic programme has been the smashing of a through Northern sea passage from Atlantic to Pacific.

Ever since man first sailed the seas this passage has been an unrealised dream—until the Russians brought mighty ice-breakers to demolish the white mountains and floes which blocked the way.

The first continuous journey from Archangel, through the Arctic Ocean to Alaska and the Pacific, was completed by the ice-breaker *Siberiakov* in 1932.

Last year fourteen laden cargo ships traversed the whole long stretch and scores more completed shorter coastal trips.

This year the figure will be many times greater. Ice-breakers, radio-guided by high-flying planes, will lead long convoys of ships, carrying the new treasures of the Arctic to all parts of the world.

✦ ✦ ✦

Next step will be equally as dramatic —the establishment of a regular air line between European Russia, across the desolate top of the world, to Alaska and America!

Already 18,000 miles of regular Arctic air lines are well established. This will be the final link in a great chain.

And after that . . .? No one can say for certain. But some circles in Moscow are planning a permanent meteorological station at the Pole itself!

Men and equipment will be dropped by parachute, to make their homes in the most lonely and feared spot in the whole globe.

★ *Politics and You* ★

MUNICIPALITIES, BEWARE!

WHY does electricity cost no more than 2d. a unit in one area and and as much as 9d. in another not far away?

The reason is that distribution of this great modern source of light and power is still in the hands of hundreds of undertakings, each working on its own, some of them quite tiny and expensive to run.

Result is that consumption in Great Britain only amounts to about 170 units per head compared with 700 in Switzerland, 900 in Canada and over 1,200 in California. Excessive costs to the consumer dooms many factories to old-fashioned methods.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

This absurd state of affairs, however, may soon come to an end. Pressure over many years has at last had its effect. The Government now announces that it will shortly introduce legislation to force the amalgamation of the many small companies in the various districts into large groups.

The suggestion is that the 626 municipal, public and private concerns shall be reduced to about 80 undertakings.

Under the two Electricity Supply Acts passed since the War the grid system has been instituted and redundant generating stations closed. In London alone, before these Acts were passed, there were 70 generating stations with 24 different voltages, 10 different frequencies and 50 different systems of supply.

The effect has been to cheapen the cost of manufacture, and it is now hoped through planned co-ordination of distribution also to cheapen the price of supplies to users.

It looks as if municipalities who have done so much in the way of providing cheap electricity for their inhabitants are to get the rough end of the stick. They may not only get small compensation for their capital outlay compared with private companies, but may even find themselves controlled by one of them, and their charges increased.

Local authorities should, therefore, be wary. More control by the people is needed, not less.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST - he says KOLYNOS

FOR CLEAN, WHITE TEETH *and* HEALTHY MOUTH

Try KOLYNOS. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. KOLYNOS is refreshing and pleasant to use. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, *natural* white enamel without injury. Try it. Get a tube to-day.

FREE. Send for Trial Tube of Kolynos. Address: Kolynos (Dept. 87A), Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

1/9, 1/- and 6d.
Of all Chemists and Stores

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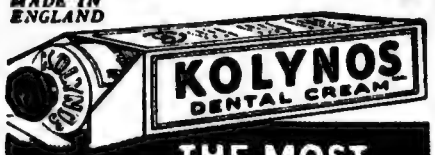

THE MOST ECONOMICAL TOOTH PASTE

WIFE'S TRAGIC AWAKENING

SHE sat up in bed, startled. Her husband was not in the room. What was that noise that had awakened her? Running out to the landing, she switched on the light and saw her husband lying in a crumpled heap in the hall. He had fallen downstairs and broken his neck.

This in brief is the tragic fate that befell Mr. Thomas Groves, of 41, Portland Avenue, Bolsover, Chesterfield. As he was a registered reader a cheque for £50 has been promptly paid under the Home Accident Section of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

WIDOW'S GRATITUDE

Here is the grateful letter which Mrs. Groves has written acknowledging "John Bull's" timely assistance:—

"Please accept our very grateful thanks for cheque received this morning, also for very kind sympathy. Thank you for being so prompt with payment."

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

"John Bull" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS Benefits. In addition this Great Free Security Gift provides numerous accident benefits, including accidents in the reader's home or garden, on the sports field, while boating and bathing, children's accidents, etc.

From the moment it was launched "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift has played a vital part in "John Bull" readers' lives. Already over £500,000 has been paid in cash benefits to Registered Readers or their dependants—a record of service unique in the history of weekly journalism.

ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

Remember! All accident and sickness benefits provided by "John Bull" are *additional, i.e.*, they are paid in addition to any amount registered readers may receive elsewhere.

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over 6 and under 15 years of age). If you are not already a Registered Reader you cannot afford to ignore "John Bull's" helping hand. Use the forms below TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

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***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 19/6/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/6/37.

DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

D.401 A.

£20

FOR LAST LINES

1ST PRIZE £10
2ND PRIZE £5
3RD PRIZE £3
4TH PRIZE £1
5TH PRIZE £1

A navvy whilst working at Bow,
Stuck a pick right into his toe;
His mate asked with scorn:
"Are you cutting a corn?

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £10 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition **(Dept. 12) WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.**

Closing Date: **Entries must reach us not later than Friday, June 25, 1937. A list of Winners will be sent to every competitor.**

Some rhymes that will help you:
Go, lo, no, oh, so, bow, foe, fro, hoe, low, mow, owe, roe, sew, woe, beau, blow, crow, dough, flow, glow, grow, know, show, slow, throe, throw, ago, below, bestow, tableau, overflow, overthrow.

DIPLOMA

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire
6d. and 1/- per box

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 2 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1,3d. and 1/-.

SECRETS of a Terrible TRAFFIC

By Hannen Swaffer

PEOPLE who complain that the League of Nations has been a failure seem ignorant of the extent to which Geneva, although it has not brought about any degree of disarmament, and done little or nothing to settle Europe, has at least achieved wonders in the stamping out of the White Slave traffic and in combating the evil forces which sell drugs right across the world.

Russell Pasha, Commandant of the Cairo City Police, is more than anyone entitled to praise for the relentless war he has waged, for nearly thirty-five years, on drug merchants, and in a country which has for long been the channel through which drugs manufactured in one half of the world found their way to the other.

RUSSELL PASHA —more than anyone entitled to praise for the relentless war on drug merchants

Ever since I met him in Cairo five years ago, and I saw what he was doing, I have been one of his fans.

Again this year he has sent me his annual report, a well-documented volume of nearly 200 pages. It is another proof of how Egypt, which, so far as drugs is concerned, was once a blot upon the world, is being cleaned up by Russell Pasha and his police.

Indeed, in eight years, the Egyptian Government, because of his stalwartness, has imprisoned 27,000 people for drug traffic and drug addiction! Of these, no fewer than 12,576 were traffickers of all nationalities.

Of 1,025 persons released during six recent months, no fewer than 700 repented and took up some honest means of living, while 118 returned to trafficking, 89 returned to addiction and 118 could not be traced.

Russell Pasha, because of the large amount of drugs carried by foreign ships through the Suez Canal, is urging Egypt to copy the example of the United States, which inflicts and enforces heavy fines on any foreign ship proved to have brought contraband drugs into her ports as undeclared cargo.

After the most difficult enquiries, he has been able to prove that the ports of Manchukuo and China are places that must be watched and vigorously guarded.

"The fact is now beyond dispute," he says, "that the world's source of illicit white drugs to-day is China, north of the Wall, and for some distance south of it. These areas are either under direct or indirect Japanese control.

"Although it is not for me to emphasise the menace to the United States of America of this flood of heroin from the Orient, for they are well aware of it, taking their own local precautions against it, and stating the facts in no uncertain terms at Geneva, it is true that the chief market for this Chinese heroin is America.

"The 'road' is no longer via the Pacific to the Western ports of America. It is through the Suez Canal to the ports of Europe for reshipment to New York. That is why it is a grave menace to Egypt."

Much has been done. Much remains to do.

"After many years of hard work, the League of Nations has closed down all the European sources of illicit drugs," goes on Russell Pasha. "To-day it is threatened by the far bigger menace of massed heroin production and export from the Far East."

Yet Russell Pasha urges much more than the tightening up of Egyptian control at Suez and in the Canal. He urges that Egypt must co-operate in the closest manner with the United States and Great Britain, who are determined to bring such pressure to bear that the good work of the League shall not be undone and the world repoisoned slowly and entirely for the monetary profit of a mob of international rascals living under the protection of the political chaos of the Far East.

Until recently, one syndicate alone netted annual profits running into millions.

Year after year, in spite of all that has been done, the same old names of the world's professional narcotic smugglers crop up.

Often, Russell Pasha gives information to European Governments about what is going on in their own domains. Drug traffickers, when caught in Egypt, begin to talk. Russell Pasha has spies everywhere.

One of the most extraordinary cases of recent years was that of Dionysius Voutsinas. A butcher by trade, he was also an elder of the Greek Church in Alexandria! Yet, using his religion as a cloak, he was the best-known retail drug trafficker in all Egypt.

And so it was that, in three years, no fewer than thirty letters of major importance passed between the Egyptian authorities and those of Greece, all dealing with his various arrests for drug trafficking, his occasional convictions and frequent acquittals, the demands for his expulsion from Egypt, the orders for his expulsion and then the cancellation of the orders.

Then, when at last he was deported, there went on, for six months, a campaign, influential friends urging that he should be allowed to return to Egypt "temporarily."

Although Russell Pasha had obtained his definite and final expulsion he was not content, for he knew Voutsinas was still supplying Egypt with contraband heroin from Athens.

So the Egyptian police kept a constant eye on him abroad. They watched his brother Tassos, and other members of an ever-growing organisation.

Finally, in July, 1935, the Greek police, urged by Russell Pasha, started a chase of the Voutsinas gang. It was to last for no fewer than fifteen months!

The Voutsinas brothers had taken, in Athens, a house of important appearance, one that few would suspect. Soon, the police were on the trail. They rented a flat opposite, installed two police officers in the role of students, and kept a continuous observation with powerful field-glasses.

Gradually, the police were able to learn the working of what was a clandestine narcotic factory. Raw opium arrived by certain boats on certain days at Piræus from Istanbul. The chemists from whom Voutsinas was buying necessary acids were discovered. His runners were identified.

Dismissed maidservants were induced to talk. And the police tracked down also a carpenter's shop where they made furniture with secret drawers, in which drugs could be exported to Egypt.

All through the night the Voutsinas brothers were toiling at the retorts and, next day, the watchers could see white linen bags, obviously containing heroin, being hung out to dry on the washing-lines on the roof.

All was ready now for the arrest. But the Voutsinas brothers were known as desperate characters, ready to shoot, for they had already done that in Alexandria.

So the police decided to make a pounce by daylight, when all the drug-makers were at work.

After months of waiting and watching, they made their spring, caught everybody working, arrested all the contacts, proved the existence of a well-equipped heroin factory.

Within a few hours they had proved the truth of Russell Pasha's contention —that the Voutsinas brothers, "under cover of trade, religion and patriotism," were wholesale dope manufacturers and traffickers on a large scale.

So elaborate were the Voutsinas' plans that fully loaded automatic pistols were waiting ready, should the police arrive, and on the roof was found a savage bulldog chained to a wooden kennel in the lid of which were hidden the business secrets of the firm.

Now here was a case where information given by Egypt was used by Greece. When every Government will use the information given by another Government, then the beginning of the end of the drug traffic may be in sight.

A few years ago drugs were carted about the world almost wholesale. Now the packages are smaller.

There is a fear in the minds of the traffickers. Gradually, the police of the world are getting wiser—and the drug traffickers are getting more frightened.

Russell Pasha's new report contains page after page of the stories of raids, the seizure of opium, the arrest of sailors.

I read of a case where a sailor was found with a piece of opium concealed in the cord of his under-garments, of how another man was discovered to have opium in his handkerchief, of a third case in which, at Port Said, a man had hashish in a box containing fried fish.

They conceal it all over their persons. They hide it in their mouths.

The constant war goes on between the drug traffickers and the police. They sneak drugs through Sinai. Brigands smuggle it across the desert.

The war goes on in the towns. It goes on in the villages. Thousands of people are engaged smuggling and selling the means of death.

I read of a year's imprisonment being given to one man, eighteen months to another, two years to a third. There is a thriller on almost every page.

Two men who were about to be arrested jumped off a train and were run over and killed by a goods train which passed a moment later.

One brigand, named Sallam Khidr, was tracked to his desert lair. The police knew him to be hiding in a sparse shrub-covered desert west of the Suez Canal, a district under his sway.

For four hours in the night a party of eight policemen walked over sand, rubble and rough ground. One twisted his ankle.

Village dogs rushed out and created a deafening din. It seemed that this would stop the arrest of Sallam, because it would give him warning.

Nearer and nearer they got to the shack. Then suddenly an Arab woman rushed out absolutely naked and screaming like one demented. She had done this, no doubt, to distract the attention of the party of tired men.

Then out dashed Sallam. He rushed into a maize field and fell. It would have been easy to shoot him, but this the police would not do.

They made a dash for him But he had disappeared.

Although his left arm had formerly been riddled with bullets, and he had been wounded in other parts of the body in several actions against the Government forces, his agility was amazing. He had gone!

"Sallam has not yet left the district," reports a police official, "and I hope that very shortly it will be possible for us to capture and deliver him whole."

Yes, one day Sallam will be captured. And one day, if the world's police act as one, the entire drug traffic may end.

BIRTHDAY OFFER

JOHN BULL'S wonderful offer of two magnificent volumes—"Fifty Great Disasters and Tragedies that Shocked the World" and "Fifty Amazing Secret Service Dramas"—must close on June 22.

The Final Reservation Form appeared in last week's JOHN BULL.

NOW JANE'S ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

"Tired Skin" can't spoil your happiness if you guard your charm with Knight's Castile. Its stimulating freshness soon wakes up the beauty glands again, and brings back life and loveliness to your skin.

Don't let indoor air have a chance to give you "tired skin"—get a 4d tablet of Knight's Castile today.

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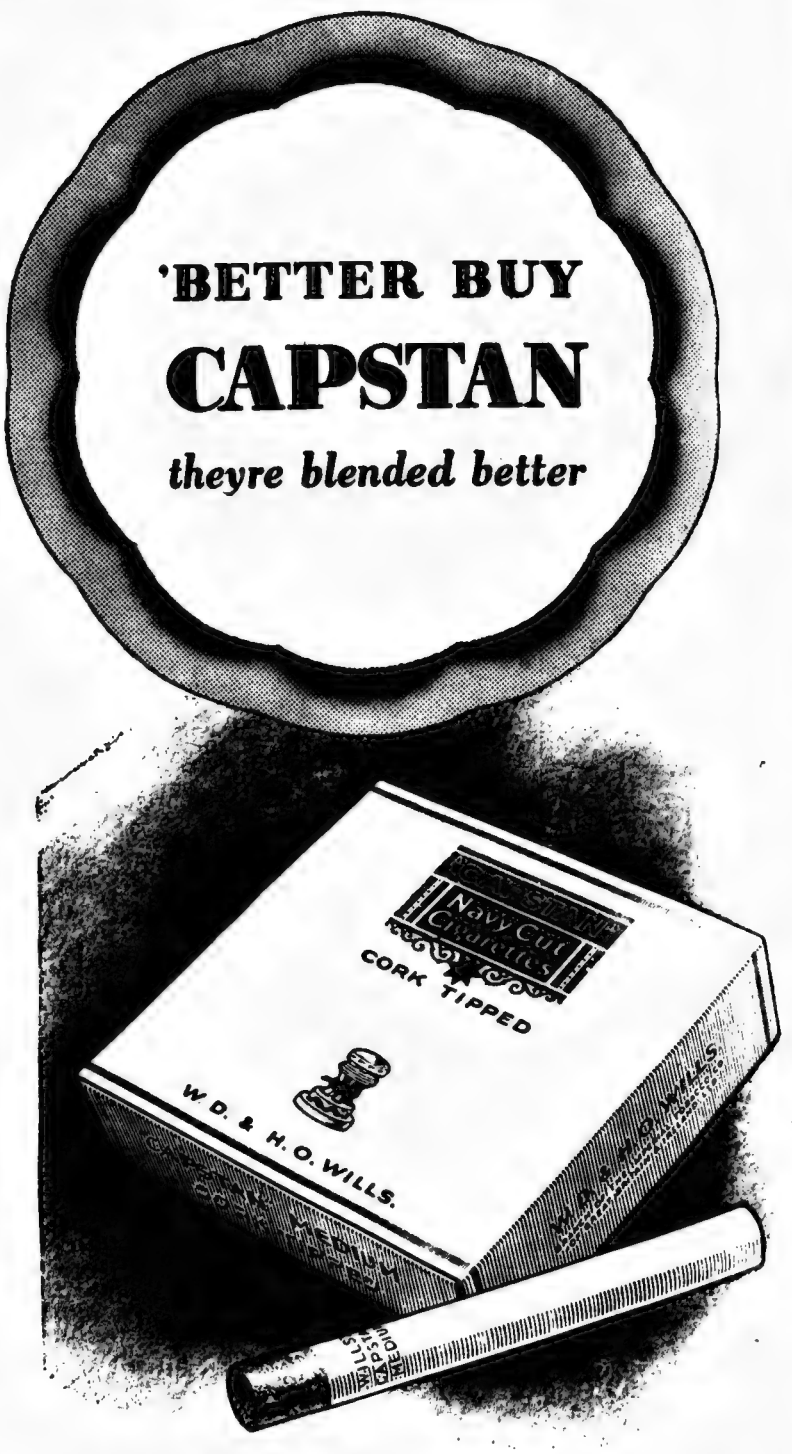

LOOK OUT FOR THE NEW PACKET

Capstan Cork Tipped Cigarettes are the same as ever (to regular smokers, this is praise enough). But in future, they will be sold in a different packet—to distinguish them more readily from the Plain. Same price, of course—it's just a case of an *old friend in a new guise.*

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WHAT CAN THE CHURCH DO FOR ME?

asks

A Woman *who* Suffered

"He whispers, 'Daddy is able to see us all now'"—the bereaved woman's biggest consolation

I RECEIVED a letter from a bereaved father the other day. He has been reading these articles.

He told me that it is six months since he lost a very beautiful daughter, and the memory of how a clergyman galloped through the burial service still fills him with blazing anger.

He changed his church, in search of consolation. And he got consolation, yes—but galloped through in just the same way.

"Unless you take a bereaved man or woman to church," he said, "your test of what happens when people with problems go to church in obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury's broadcast recall to religion can scarcely be called complete.

"Mark you, I know what the result will be. The Church won't be able to offer them anything. But see for yourself."

Well, I have just taken a bereaved wife and mother to church—to Christ Church, Crouch End Hill, London. Let me begin by telling her story.

In 1923, when a pretty woman in her early twenties, and when she could have had plenty of chances of finding a husband with health, strength and a good income, she chose to marry a blind ex-soldier. She chose to *waste* herself on a blind ex-soldier according to some whisperers. By that they meant that he wasn't in a position to buy her happiness with a liberal hand.

He was never able to buy her a lot. In fact, because he suffered from recurring bouts of sleepy sickness resulting from the shrapnel that still remained in his head, she had to work hard from rising to bedtime to look after him and the children.

But—well, we can quote her own words. "Some three years ago his health began to fail. A few months ago he died. And I have never ceased thanking God for the courage he showed, his sense of fun even when in pain, and everything he did to try to make me happy."

She thanks God, although she rarely goes to church. She always knew there is a God.

"It never needed church music or sermons to convince me of that," she says.

But what was the attitude of Christ Church, Crouch End Hill, going to be? On Sunday night we met—this bereaved woman and I—and went to find out.

It is certainly a church that has never needed an Archbishop's recall to fill it. There wasn't a vacant seat.

If all places of worship were like that church the Primate would be appealing for bigger buildings rather than bigger congregations.

And how refreshing it was, too, to find a clean-cut departure from the ordinary conventional Evensong. The vicar, the Rev. Bryan Green, a man of virile personality, keeps in touch with his flock on the sports fields as well as in church—believes that present-day problems need praying for, whether provision is made for such prayers in the Established Prayer Book or not.

And I am sure this church chooses its wardens because of their jovial, rollicking faces.

Even latecomers are shown to their seats by men of beaming countenance who walked about the church boldly—so very different from some I have seen who whisper "This way, please" to you in a terrified whisper and tip-toe up the aisle with their heads bowed low.

Then the sermon—a good, sound homily showing us that our spiritual problems do not differ considerably from political and social problems, and that our individual reactions are very much like national and international reactions.

With a mention of the Archbishop's recall, to the interest of us both, the minister suggested that he had a doubt in his mind as to whether it wouldn't be necessary to wake the Church from its sleep before we could begin to recall people to religion.

Excellent. Certainly it promised us that when the moment came for us to interview the vicar we would be face to face with a man who wouldn't be afraid to criticise the Church, if the need arose.

Divested of his surplice, we found the vicar just such a man as we imagined he would be. I could see he was deeply touched when he heard that the biggest consolation of all came to that widow from her youngest child, a little boy of eight.

He puts his arms round her neck and whispers to her "Never mind, mummy; daddy is able to see us all now"—and the smile that lights his face tells how much he must have suffered during the lifetime of that father who had never seen him or the other children . . . had never even seen mummy.

"I wish more professing Christians could look at it like that," said the vicar.

Her first question was one you might expect. Why did her husband have to suffer? Why was he taken away from those who loved him?

"It isn't easy to answer," was the reply. "We can't always give reasons why things happen.

"We can't see the whole picture of our lives, you see. We don't know how any particular happening fits in with the whole scheme of our lives. Looking far back, one often sees things that seemed of paramount importance at the time as very small and insignificant—things that one once thought happened for the worst were really for the best."

But that wasn't enough for the bereaved woman. Why did God take the good and so often leave the bad?

"God does not send tragedies," replied the clergyman. "That is a pagan idea.

"He has built a world of such a nature that it is possible for physical accidents to happen, for mental worries to arise through human sin. Your husband, for instance. A good man suffered for the sin of the war."

Said my companion: "I often doubt the oft-repeated saying that the Church ministers for the good of those who love God."

"I can say to that, that the Church has coddled her saints instead of concerning itself with the saving of sinners."

"And then," said the widow, "a bereaved person is bound to wonder why Christian sympathy so often ends with the sending of a wreath. That is my experience. I received wreaths in plenty, but very little human comfort."

"I agree," said the vicar. "The reason is that people want to do the thing that is 'done.' True sympathy is always difficult. It means you must come alongside the sufferer. That calls for sacrifice.

Then a real stumper. "When one is bereaved, as I have been, one hears so much about God moving in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. One never hears it explained."

"No, but let us look at it like this. The only reason why other human beings are not mysterious to us is that we are able to interpret their minds by our own. With a genius or high creative artist it is different. We often find his actions unaccountable and without meaning

"When we think of God—the supreme creative mind—we cannot hope to understand Him in comparison with ourselves."

But what can the Church do for a bereaved woman?

The vicar said he preferred to deal with it in another way—"What *Should* the Church Do for Her?" It should do more for her, he said, at a time when she was so in need of comfort, help, friendship.

"If your children come to church or Sunday-school, or even if they don't, the fact that they are orphans should make us, as Christians, more eager to help.

"I could only say that Christians *should* do those things. Let us remember of the Church, in justice, that it was the first institution to establish social services. Others have taken on the work, but the Church was foremost."

Then he was told that the most comfort came from members of the branch of the British Legion to which that woman's blind husband belonged. They had gone to his home to read to him in life; had taken him about. In death, they had comforted those he left.

"*They were Christians.*"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A PROFESSOR in Kansas University once wrote a little poem that deserves to be wider known than it is. It wouldn't hurt anybody to read it, learn it by heart, and ponder over it, at those times when nothing goes right and nothing seems worth while. It's a new point of view—and new points of view are valuable. Here it is:

A Firemist and a Planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cavemen dwell:
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high:
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts, high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod:
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother, starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the Rood,
And millions who, humble and faithful,
The straight hard pathway trod:
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

There may be irritation, depression, even despair inside you. There's a universe outside. Go outside. Look around you. See—and wonder. There are more important things than you and your little worries!

The craftsman's rare skill means so much to the handful of firms which provide most of the world's banknotes. Big names in this work are the Waterlows—Sir Edgar (left) who carries on the work of the late Sir William —Lord Portal, whose paper is the foundation of Britain's banknote security, and (right) Mr. S. S. Lamert, chief of De la Rues

LITTLE brown soldiers, carbines slung over their shoulders, pad-padded through the dust of the streets which led to the President's Palace. Streets with grand-sounding names—Avenue of the Glorious Liberation, Street of the Martyred Patriots, Avenue of the Last of All Revolutions, and so on. . . .

Past the memorials of bygone revolutions and through the shattered street barricades of the present they went, joining on the way the crowds of townspeople, shopkeepers, clerks, artisans and their womenfolk and children, all converging on the same destination.

The Grand Plaza . . .! And the President's Palace glaring white in the hot South American sunshine. And on the balcony, surrounded by his staff and the new Cabinet, resplendent in full evening dress with a red sash across his shirt-front, the winner of the revolution, the liberator, the new President bowing to the tumultuous crowds.

"*Viva el Libertad*" howled the crowds. "*Viva el Presidente.*" Raised hand hushing the crowd to silence, the new "saviour of his country" stepped to the microphone on the balcony and commenced his inaugural address. "My friends," he began, "noble patriots . . ."

And while the crowd was listening, cynically or devoutly according to their opinions, telephones began ringing on the desks of two or three offices in the City of London, and others in the Bronx, New York, Haarlem, in Holland. Cable boys came bustling in with short, coded messages.

HOT NEWS

Phone and cables brought the same news. That a new Government was born in that far-off South American Republic. Hot news, to be swiftly handled. For to these offices new Governments mean new business. They thrive on world change, on the shifts and falls of States.

In a stable world with lifetime Kings and Presidents, theirs would be a "once in a lifetime" business. For all practical purposes there would be *no* business.

For these five firms—and here are their names—American Banknote Company, Waterlow's, Thomas de la Rues', Bradbury Wilkinson's, and Enschelde of Haarlem—are the world's money makers.

The Great Powers run their own banknote and currency printing from Government presses. But the rest must come to London, New York, or Haarlem for their pengoes, pesos, drachmæ, dinars, ticals, kroner, or whatever it is that they use for money. And among them all London gets the lion's share.

Like the armaments business (but without its sinister and unsavoury implications), this is a "secret" business.

Ask the banknote people for details of their trade and they would be shocked. They do not think of themselves as mere businesses engaged in mundane affairs of commerce. But as institutions. They deal only with the heads of States.

It is a romantic business. While about £2,000,000 of capital is engaged in the actual banknote printing side of these businesses (and they print about £200,000,000 of money a year between them), they employ in all only about half a dozen salesmen.

And in the final issue their prosperity, their very continuance in business, rests on a mere handful of craftsmen, so rare, so skilled that there are probably less than a dozen in the whole world.

SUPER-SKILLED

Which explains why, with all the scores of States and Principalities on the earth, there are only these few firms in existence to supply the paper tokens which are the sinews of peace and war.

The entire business boils down to the amount of super-skilled labour available. And that isn't much.

Look at the ha'penny worth of coloured paper which is a foreign banknote worth perhaps £100 in our money. How has it come into being? Why (in a solvent State) can it always be tendered in the full surety of receiving its face value?

When we have answered those questions we will know something about this little-known industry, about its structure, its complicated, but romantic, methods of business. And we will have gone back, by way of illustration, to that imaginary South American Republic with which this story opened.

Outposts of the five big banknote firms are their resident agents established in the capitals of all the countries from China to Peru who are likely to be customers for currency notes.

These agents are, invariably, men who have personal contacts with Ministers, Treasury and chief bank officials or the diplomatic corps of the particular countries.

In the case of one of the British firms, for instance, two of its agents are ex-British consuls who have retired "into business" in the countries where they have spent so much of their official working lives.

The job of an agent is to keep his ear close to the ground about all matters which might affect the note issue of that country. All kinds of factors come to bear here, influencing a new note issue and perhaps fresh business for his firm.

The Cabinet may decide to honour the President or King by putting his portrait on a new banknote issue instead of that of the patron saint. Political movements may bring about other pending changes. The old issue may just be wearing out.

In one instance not long ago the discovery of oil and chemical deposits in a certain country led to an entire reprinting of its notes of small denomination. The old notes passing into the wage packets were stained and rotted too quickly by chemicals on the workmen's hands.

Because there is heavy competition between the banknote firms the essence of the agent's business is to get prior information on such matters. How much "prior" it is depends on the value of his contacts compared with the other agents.

Once he has got his information he informs his head office by cable, and then the next character appears on the scene, the firm's foreign salesman.

A word or two about these banknote salesmen.

They can call themselves the aristocrats of "carpet-baggers." There are no more than half a dozen of them. They travel the world year in and year out, making their routine calls on their firms' agents, sometimes staying in one country for months at a time, while a banknote order is being put through, or "beating up" future business.

They know one another by name, but do their best not to be mutually known on sight. Because—competition in the business being what it is—it is sometimes necessary for them to keep an eye on one another.

For example (to quote an actual instance except for the country's names), a salesman was sitting in the lounge of an hotel in Sofia, where he had been finishing off some business, when he heard the hotel porter mention the name of a competitor's salesman.

He made enquiries. "Yes, the gentleman had just arrived, but is leaving urgently for Ankara. He has received many telegrams."

DISCRETION

"Why Ankara?" thought this salesman. "We had the last order there. What's he up to? Is there a new order there that we haven't heard about?"

On that thought he packed his bags, wired his firm that he was handing over unfinished business to the local agent, and departed on the same train on the trail of his unsuspecting competitor.

His quick initiative turned out to be highly profitable. He was in time to forestall some official intriguing against his firm's product and to lay the foundations of some new business.

But initiative of a high order and discretion (in liner smoking-room conversations with other travellers the banknote salesman always pretends to some other occupation) is not the only qualification of these men.

Each of them has a perfect command of at least four or five languages; the knowledge of a diplomat about the key men in most foreign States, and the tangled skein of their various politics; and a banker's acquaintance with the mysteries of note circulation.

In addition to all these he is an expert on engraving and printing processes and paper, able to lecture a board meeting of foreign officials on the technical excellences of his firm's products in simple, straightforward language.

Let's watch one at work. And we'll assume that the place is that imaginary South American Republic which has just had a revolution and got a new President.

New Presidents mean new money. That's why the banknote firm's agents got busy on 'phone and cable as soon as the new *regime* was announced.

When he steps off the steamer with his case of samples, the agent is ready for him with introductions to men he has to see, like the Minister of Finance, the head of the State Bank, and even, perhaps, the President himself.

And also with thumbnail sketches of the characters and foibles of these individuals.

"Securities" is the term given by the banknote-maker to the various protections against forgery which are embodied in his notes.

Bear in mind that what many small unstable States are afraid about is not so much the individual criminal forger, but of subversive elements who might copy an easily faked note, run off large issues and so upset the State's economic structure.

The salesman will point out that an engraved note is better than one made by the ordinary printing processes. Then he deals with the various "securities" in their order of merit.

These are: (1) The portrait or vignette. (2) The watermark. (3) The scroll work. (4) The lettering on the note *if done by one man*. (5) Special treatment of the banknote paper such as incorporating hundreds of coloured silk threads in it

IVE Money-Making WIZARDS

Fortunes through their hands—women trim the notes printed in an American house before being despatched to their owners

during manufacture. The portrait is the best of all "securities" for this reason. It is cut line by line into steel by the firm's own engraver from, say, a picture of the President's face.

The same man could not turn out exactly the same likeness twice. Something would be different, the expression of the eyes or light and shade in the hair.

FORGER-PROOF

And no forger could make even a passable job at it. It is estimated that there are less than a dozen first-class steel portrait engravers in the world, and all are employed by the banknote firms—or are beyond the need for employment. And it takes twenty years to make an efficient portrait engraver.

The watermark is an extra special order-pulling "security" for *British* firms. Portals, who make paper for British currency, turn out more perfect watermarks than anybody else in the world.

Salesmen for foreign competitive banknote firms sometimes reply that watermarking weakens the strength of the note, but that argument doesn't always count. The buying official knows that a British watermark cannot be copied, on any scale, by a forger.

The British salesman is also at a special advantage with the fifth "security," the silk thread impregnated paper. Latin, Eastern, and some of the Central European States are very fond of this kind of paper, which is almost impossible to duplicate by the forger.

And American banknote firms are forbidden by law to supply it because at one time the U.S. currency bills were printed on silk threaded paper. They reply with what is called "planchette" — a paper with thousands of little confetti spots worked into the pulp.

But forgers can duplicate this with pointed match-heads dipped in coloured inks. You can't pull the silk threads out of the British papers. It cannot be faked.

And when all the technical and "diplomatic" business is done, what is a banknote order worth? The figures are surprising. Banknote firms call notes — of whatever denomination—"pieces." And they sell the "pieces" for about £2 a thousand.

An issue of four million banknotes for a small State seldom comes to more than £10,000. The face value of the notes, of course, may be several thousand times this sum—but, of course, even a £100 banknote is merely a bit of printed paper.

Still, a £10,000 order is worth the journey to our South American republic and all the months of negotiation. And there are always "reprints" and possible postage-stamp orders. Unless there's another revolution, and another President.

One firm some time ago booked and delivered an order for 80,000,000 notes. The order kept it going for nearly two years, using up about 250 tons of paper, ink, and steel engraving plates.

By the time the order was delivered, the Government of that country was rocking, and shortly afterwards it fell. Then there was another order to be scrambled for.

We have said a lot about the banknote business and how that business is got, but little of how a banknote is made. Here's a brief life history of it from the salesman's order-book to the bank cashier's window.

First there is that engraver we mentioned, who stands under a north light in the factory for weeks cutting the "portrait" (which may be a face or a whole landscape) into a steel plate the size of the note.

After him comes the letterer, cutting in the foreign words and the figures (cutting them in backwards at that!). Then the scroll work is cut in (all those wavy lines), usually by machine.

SPECIAL PROCESS

After this the plate is hardened by a special process. Then a cylinder of softer steel is rolled over it with many tons pressure—squeezed into the cuts on the first plate, so that the design stands out in relief on the cylinder face.

This cylinder is hardened, and then rolled over another steel blank (rather softer than the original plate), and the design sunk in—"intaglio" they call it.

It is from these last plates that the notes are actually printed. Usually twenty or thirty are impressed with the design by the cylinder, because banknotes, according to size, are printed twenty or thirty "up" on a single sheet of paper.

Because "security" is the breath of life to the banknote-maker, the real business begins during the printing.

The sheets come out so slowly from the machines that they can be closely scrutinised for flaws before the next one arrives. They are examined again during the numbering and the cutting. Examined a dozen times. Every banknote must be perfect.

And then the paper from which the banknote order is printed. Every blank sheet is counted in to the printing works. Usually a day's batch is divided roughly into ten—but never exactly, so that the "counter" can't *guess* the number of sheets.

He must count every single one. They are counted again by the man at the machine, counted a dozen times through the various printing processes.

ONE SECRET

Only one man knows the exact number of sheets delivered that day from the banknote paper-maker, and he is usually a chief executive.

At the end of the day complete printed sheets and all spoils must balance up with the number of plain sheets delivered.

If a sheet jambs and gets chewed up in a machine, that machine is stopped and every tiny piece picked out to be handed over at the end of the day.

All "spoils" and bits are burned with full formality and under supervision in a special incinerator, at the end of each particular job.

Even the chimney of this incinerator has a wire mesh at the top. Because at one firm a half-burned piece of banknote flew out of the top and was picked up near the works. And there was panic in the board-room.

Precautions like this, coupled with the reputation and the monetary stability of this country, usually get British firms the major part of the world's banknote printing jobs.

Sometimes, keenly anxious about their precious currency, a small State will send a delegation to "oversee" their issue through the works. They are always welcome.

But usually after a day of watching the organisation and seeing how impossible it is for a workman or a girl cutter to go home with a few thousand pesos or "ticals" tucked in a dinner basket, they are content to go off and spend the rest of their stay having a good time in the West End.

Most days there are cascades of coloured paper pouring out of British presses to pass from hand to hand, to be the means of life and health and wealth in distant climes.

A strange business, secret and reticent about its doings. But if you mention the word romance to the banknote-maker he'll reply: "There isn't any. It's just a special printing job."

JEWEL THIEF CONFESSES—7—RECORDED BY STANLEY BISHOP

Most feared of the world's police, the British P.C. "They're ruthless," says Blanche Finchley

My Rogues GALLERY

BECAUSE of her excellent memory, ex-jewel thief Blanche Finchley is a talking "Who's Who" of women criminals and crooks.

In prison she associated with the principals of many notorious cases, and mixed also with the common run of offenders.

She absorbed confidences from both classes. The information she gained, if properly tabulated, would be valuable in any police library.

Much that she tells cannot possibly be published.

It reflects on individuals who have purged their crimes by punishment, or on officials.

I propose, however, to give a carefully selected summary of her stories about other prisoners, many of whom were in their time "front page news."

Some years ago a pretty young woman was sentenced in connection with charges of fraud and forgery. The case was sensational, for it revealed how easily a girl of attractive presence could impose her schemes on influential and wealthy men. The young woman moved in society.

Her photographs appeared in popular illustrated journals. She was interviewed.

All this was so much propaganda for her schemes; publicity pumped out to create an atmosphere. Yet it was swallowed. When the woman was arrested it was made plain that she was just a little cheat and swindler.

"During her imprisonment," states Blanche Finchley, "I came to know that girl rather well, and the better I knew her the more I marvelled at her success in victimising people.

"True, she was very pretty, with a beautiful figure, even in prison clothes, but she was blankly unintelligent. The manner of her conversation revealed her working-class origin. She had received scarcely any education, and could not write a sensible letter.

"I used to draft her letters for her. Indeed, I drew up a petition which she wanted to make to the Home Secretary, hoping that part of her sentence would be remitted.

"Attempting to gain that end she gave away some of her associates. That fact became known in the prison, and the woman was badly treated thereafter by other prisoners. She was without any scruple; would do anything for her own ends—a woman with an angel's face and a devil's disposition.

"On one occasion after our imprisonment together I met her—in the restaurant of a hotel in Park Lane. Evidently she had fallen on her feet again, for she was most expensively dressed and wearing good jewellery.

"So also was I. We talked together for a few minutes, both lying outrageously in the hearing of our escorts. A curious contrast that—from prison."

End of an adventure—sentence being passed in court, then to jail, where Blanche Finchley met so many notorious women criminals (a film study)

Those old convict meetings frequently happen. Blanche Finchley has run across prison acquaintances in all sorts of places. She was at Tussauds' exhibition, treating the child of a friend to the waxworks show, when she came face to face with an elderly woman in company with a man in clerical dress. The woman gave a start of recognition; smiled and bowed, but did not speak.

"Oh, she was a terror, that woman," says Blanche Finchley, "the meanest, sneakiest old thing you can imagine. Her speciality was bogus charities. She was in prison at the same time as myself for obtaining money by fraud.

"She went about collecting for an organisation to assist the blind, and put the proceeds in her pocket. She used to pose as being half blind herself, and would wear dark coloured glasses.

"Always she was telling tales about the other prisoners to the officers. She was an informer, nothing else, out to cause trouble. For some reason she received special treatment in prison, and was given easy work.

"How the rest of us disliked her! I have often wondered after that unexpected meeting who was this crook's "clergyman" friend; whether he was real or just part of another bogus charity."

Scene: The gown salon in a great London store. Blanche Finchley, newly back from a Continental expedition which had provided her with considerable funds, was shopping as an account customer. A mannequin was displaying a dress to "moddom."

Another customer entered, walked up to Blanche and greeted her excitedly. "My dear, where have you been? I am so glad to see you looking so well——" and so on.

That second customer was by occupation assistant to a much-convicted safebreaker and burglar. She herself had a long prison record, and was known in the underworld by the names of "Elusive Eileen."

"We were together for a time in Liverpool and also at Holloway," Blanche Finchley continues the anecdote. "Both of us made our dress purchases, and went to the restaurant for a real, nice, homely chat over past experiences.

"I wonder what the people at the next table would have done if they had known that their tea-room neighbours were a convicted woman burglar and a convicted woman jewel thief?

"Eileen, like myself, was 'in the money' at the time. She and her man were just returned from a job in Munich, and for safety's sake were living apart for a while.

"Passing on information, as crooks do, Eileen gave me the names of two receivers of stolen goods in Germany. Subsequently I dealt with one of these men.

"This Eileen was an educated, well-bred woman. She was married, with two children, but divorced from her husband. How she picked up with her safe-breaker I never new, but she seemed to be fond of him, and content to remain his partner.

"He trained her, and she was able to work alone if necessary. She told me—whether it was true or not I cannot say—that she twice blew open a safe unaided. Anyway, she had the nerve to do it.

"While in prison I have had contact with several women housebreakers and burglars. These women always work under the instruction of men. They specialise in entering houses which are temporarily vacant, while the men keep watch outside.

"Usually these women have been domestic servants until led astray. They know all the common hiding-places where a mistress will put her jewels and money when out for an evening, and boast they can find valuables, wherever secreted."

There was a sequel to this unexpected meeting of Blanche Finchley and "Elusive Eileen" at the London store. Blanche ran an account at the shop under an alias for several years, always paying when the bills were presented.

Then she fell in arrears for an amount of £20-odd, and was pressed for settlement. At the time she had not the money—it was a period when the tide was running against her.

A threat of legal action to recover the debt followed in due course from the firm's solicitors. She was desperate—dared not risk the exposure which would inevitably follow in court. What did she do? Frankly she makes confession of another undiscovered misdeed:

"I secured a post as temporary cashier at another provincial store during the Christmas shopping season. I took the position with the intention of stealing money from my employers if at all possible.

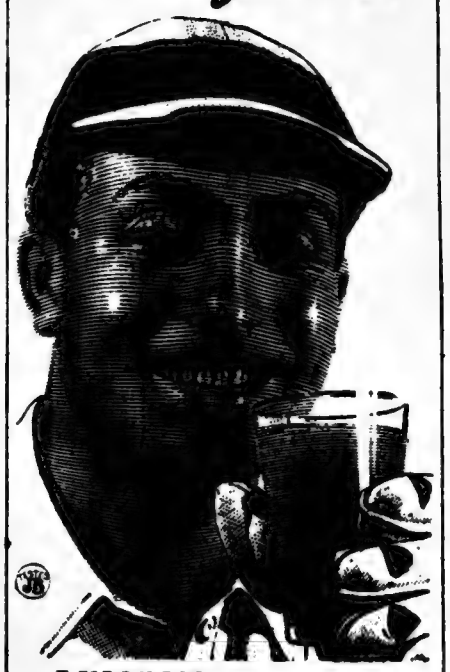
"Before I had been in the shop a week I realised how easy it would be. The system of receipts and checking at the cash desks was extraordinarily lax for a large, important company.

"Within the next fortnight I pocketed nearly £200. I paid my debt to one store with the money robbed from another. Then I left without giving notice.

"If the loss was ever discovered I must have been suspected. But I have not heard anything of the affair from that day to this. I left the county, spent the

(continued on page 26)

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY
does you good



LEMONS *for coolness*
BARLEY *for health*

Had your
HOVIS
to-day?

You always feel more active and energetic when you have HOVIS

There is
STRENGTH
in every
SLICE

Macclesfield M.171D

Make your own *cream*

for this delicious breakfast food with this *Free* Cream-maker!

It makes half a pint of cream for only 4d.

Crisp, crunchy, ripe grains of "Puffed" Wheat—they're a sheer delight with milk or with fruit! Yet there is a way in which they are even more delicious than ever—*when they are served with cream!* And now you can make the cream yourself . . . delicious, rich cream—almost as cheap as milk! For the makers of "Puffed" Wheat—and of "Puffed" Rice which is made by the same wonderful process—offer you FREE a unique and efficient cream-maker!

To make cream with this Cereta Cream-maker is simplicity itself. Just mix a little butter with milk by warming. Then add the whole to the cream-maker and pump . . . the result is lovely, perfect rich cream—at about one-fourth of the usual price!

Get it by return!

This wonderful attractively made kitchen aid is yours FREE for 24 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice. *If you would like to receive it immediately send 2 coupons with 2/6d.—this 2/6d. will be refunded when the balance of 22 coupons is received by us.*

Fill in ORDER FORM *NOW*

OR ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SIMILAR FORM

To Quaker Oats Ltd., Dept. JB2, Southall, Middx.

★1 I enclose 2 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice packets, together with 2/6d. which I understand will be returned to me when I forward the remaining 22 coupons. Please send Cereta Cream-maker immediately.

★2 I enclose 24 coupons cut from the side of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice packets. Please send me free your Cereta Cream-maker as advertised.
Note.—Quaker *Corn Flakes packet tops will also be accepted for this offer.*

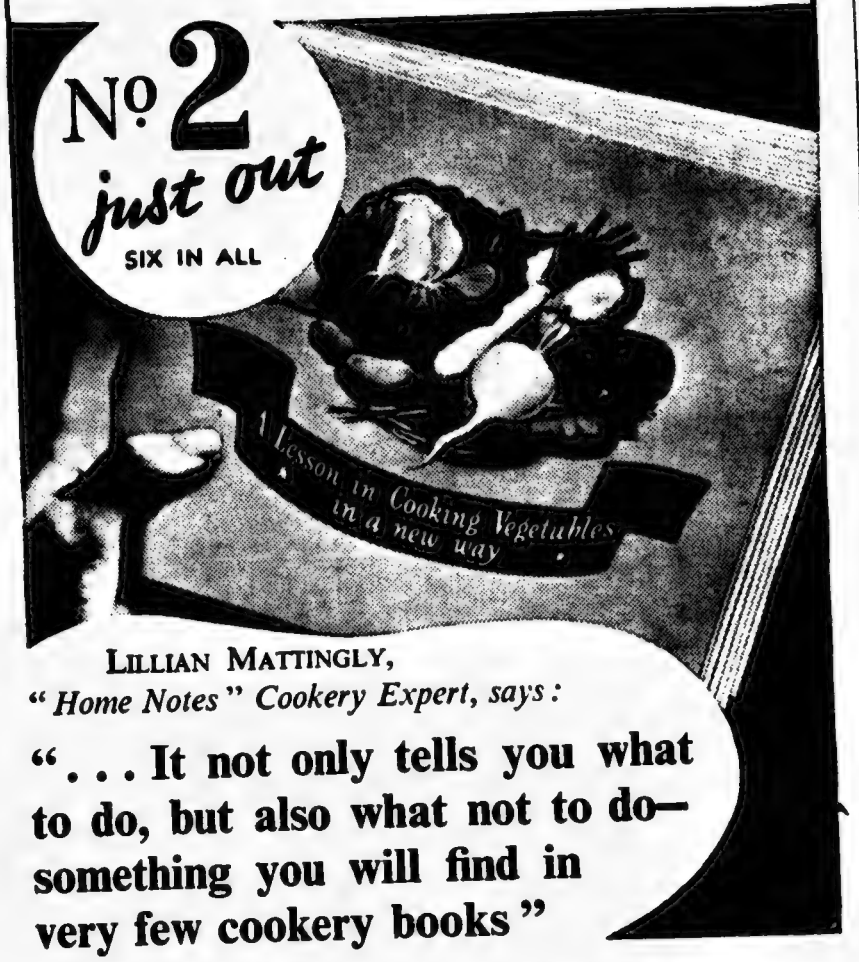
Name .....

Address .....

★ *Strike out which does not apply.*

All coupons (or packet tops) must be received not later than 31st December, 1937. P.211

FREE A complete course in Home Cooking



LILLIAN MATTINGLY,
"Home Notes" Cookery Expert, says:

"... It not only tells you what to do, but also what not to do—something you will find in very few cookery books"

"How can I make my vegetables more interesting?" Housewives keen to give their families food that is more tempting and "different" are always asking themselves questions like this. And that is why the makers of Stork Margarine have issued their wonderfully helpful little book on cooking vegetables in a new way, which is now ready for you FREE. It's written by a well-known expert on home cooking. It describes in the clearest possible way an entirely new, simple, *better* method of cooking vegetables. It tells in detail how to prepare, cook and serve them; how to "combine" vegetables; and has a special chapter on faults in vegetable cooking and how to avoid them. You simply *must* have a copy of this book—you will be amazed at the simplicity of the new method and the wonderful results it gives. It will be sent to you FREE; just fill in the voucher and post it *now*.

★ *"A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a new way" is the second in a series of six booklets on home cooking which are being issued by Stork. The first was on cake making. If you've not had your FREE copy please send for it.*

Fill in this voucher for free copy of "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a new way"

Please send me a copy of your free booklet "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a new way."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Co., Dept. B.P.6, Unilever House, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope. (PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

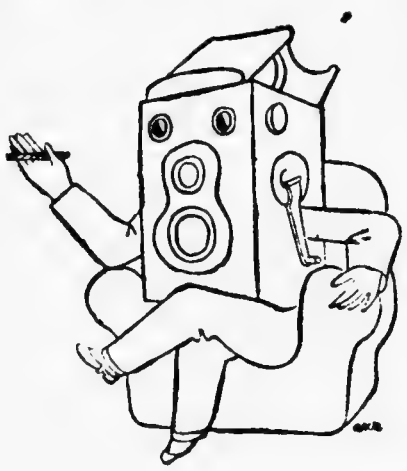
STORK MARGARINE

There's a gift coupon free with every pound

SUNSHINE VITAL ING A & D

JS 44-71-65

"Why exposure snaps to risk? Use Selo and ensure success!"



Whatever the make or size of your camera, use Selo and Selochrome and you will always be sure of brilliant, lively snaps. These famous British films have extra speed and extra latitude. Speed to catch the fastest movement and to counteract dull weather; latitude to cover all reasonable errors in exposure.

use SELO films

the power behind the lens

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED

Continuing—MY ROGUES GALLERY

TRAPPING the 'Pickle Jar' GIRL

The real "Rogues Gallery" at Scotland Yard, where "Blanche Finchley" and her friends, are recorded

Christmas at a Bournemouth hotel, and subsequently obtained another job as a governess abroad."

Other interesting personalities known by Blanche Finchley in prison were a woman who spent a good proportion of her life masquerading as a man; a society woman "kleptomaniac," and a young woman designated "The Pickle Jar Girl."

Speaking of the first of those three, Blanche says: "A remarkable woman in every way, and a model prisoner. I talked with her and found her charming.

"Her outlook was entirely masculine. I can well understand how she deceived the public. I am sure that if I had seen her in man's clothes and heard her talk I should have been taken in. Her explanation to me was that she did it because it was much easier for her to earn a living as a man than as a woman.

"The kleptomaniac was a curious study. I never believed in medical explanations of kleptomania until I came in contact with her. I always thought it was just an excuse for the wrong-doing of wealthy people, who had not the courage to admit they meant to steal.

"In every way this woman was extremely sorry for what she had done, and the disgrace brought on her people. She declared that she could not understand herself. She had no desire to steal; no reason at all for stealing. Yet she must steal; could not help stealing.

"An overmastering impulse to steal possessed her at certain times. Her mortal terror was that she would steal again after her arrest.

"To me it seemed ridiculous that this woman should ever have been sent to prison by an unsympathetic, unintelligent court. I felt profoundly sorry for her because she was not a thief by deliberate design like myself, and never gained any benefit from her thefts."

Notice as a small point how the *unmoral* disposition of Blanche Finchley creeps out in that last remark. One reason for her feeling sorry for the woman was because *she never gained any benefit from her dishonesty.*

About the "Pickle Jar Girl," who, according to Blanche Finchley, "must be one of the prettiest little things who ever came into a prison." This young woman passed through a Borstal institution and graded upward in crime until she became a fairly expert jewel thief, mostly working hotels as a servant.

Blanche Finchley and she had a great deal in common, and would compare notes in prison about their various exploits. "I liked the girl, but used to get angry with her," says Blanche, "because to my mind she was so foolish.

"It was impossible for her to get along unless she had a man in tow. The money she gained from her robberies she parted with to men. She was too weak for words over men. I gave her advice, based on my own experiences, to which, however, she would never listen.

"The explanation of her designation was this: When detectives visited her flat after a robbery some of the stolen property was found hidden in a full jar of mustard pickles.

She thrust the stuff in there as the police knocked at the door, but in doing so spilled some of the pickle on the larder shelf, which caused suspicion as the flat was searched. A detective emptied the jar into a basin, and that was the end!

Like most prison "regulars," Blanche Finchley holds a grievance against the police. Her bone of contention is that they do not allow enough credit to prisoners for good intentions. By which she means that police officers, when giving evidence after a conviction, accentuate the previous offences of the prisoner, and do not pay testimony to his or her attempts to run straight.

"I always feel," she says, "when a policeman trots out my record that I am being punished for what I have done in the past and not for the present. The law—and in that I include the police—never forgets and never has any charity.

"At least, that is my experience, and other prisoners think the same. If only we were given a chance sometimes.

"When I was last before the court, the police did not say a good word for me. I am sure it was only the influence of the woman probation officer which gained for me two years on probation instead of a sentence."

This is, of course, all wrong-headed argument, bred by bitterness. Naturally the past offences of a prisoner must be taken into account. A persistent delinquent receives what seems to be a heavy sentence for a small offence because of her persistency in wrongdoing.

Usually the police are perfectly fair in the witness-box. Exceptions may occur. If a detective "wraps it up" for a woman prisoner it is because he feels it would be better for society for her to be sent away for a long term.

Possibly the root of Blanche Finchley's feeling against the English police lies in the fact they alone have caught her. She has outwitted the police of the Continent and the United States, but not the police at home.

So she believes everything bad of them. To her—and to other women prisoners—they are "The Bogies." That is the women's name for detectives. She even contends that detectives will endeavour to extort bribes from prisoners, basing this on the unconfirmed stories she has heard in prison. They have never tried it with her anyway.

Again she is inflamed in her opinion against the estimable social workers who act as prison visitors, paying regular calls at prisons and interviewing prisoners with a view to influencing reform.

"They come to you in prison," she states, "and talk and talk, and that is all. What good do they do? They just get on the nerves of the women. I used to refuse to see my visitor, even though the interview meant a break in the prison routine.

No woman prison visitor has ever shown me the way to earn an honest penny. When I have left prison after the completion of a sentence I have been thrown entirely to my own devices, which in due course have led me back to prison again.

"The Prison Commissioners declare that the visitor system is beneficial. They should hear what the inmates of the women's prisons say of their visitors."

On the other hand, Blanche Finchley is enthusiastic about the women probation officers attached to the criminal courts and the work they accomplish. They are, she finds, sympathetic, kindly, and of assistance to offenders in every possible way.

"I am now," she says, "under a London probation officer who is a perfect dear. She has acted like a friend. I look forward with pleasure to the regular visits I must pay to her.

"Because of what she did for me when I was beaten and degraded, with the prospect of another term of penal servitude before me, I will never let her down.

"My probation officer is one of the reasons why I am going straight for the rest of my life."

A determination which, it is to be hoped, will remain resolute.

Next Week:
Nearly Presented at Court

The Greatest of These . .

Sheila

SHEILA'S ex-Service father died three years ago. Her mother, who had nursed him on and off for three years before his death, then collapsed and was ill for months. When sufficiently recovered, she managed by doing cooking and needlework to bring up her four children, of whom Sheila, aged six, is the baby.

Last February, her son, the eldest of the family, attained the age of fourteen, and the firm where her husband had worked before sickness overtook him gave the boy an opening in its London warehouse. She gladly accepted, and moved to the outskirts of London.

"I had to store my home in the country," she told us, "thinking I could save enough to get my furniture here within a week or so, but I have found it harder than I expected. I could not get furnished rooms on account of having children. I have now secured an unfurnished flat at 15s. a week, but have not the ready money to get my furniture moved."

She is suffering at present from an internal complaint, and is not fit to work. All she has coming in is her widow's pension of 21s. and her son's wages of 15s. a week, from which 3s. goes in fares.

Her eldest daughter, who is twelve, suffers from defective eyes, and Sheila has been very delicate since she had measles and pneumonia. They are all living in a makeshift, uncomfortable state for the need of about £5 to cover the transport of their belongings.

As Sheila's mother is a good woman who has striven to do the very best for her children, we believe that our readers will respond to our appeal. Donations earmarked "Sheila" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

A LUCKY M'ASCOT
You're on a certain winner when you buy a jar of Pan Yan. For happy meals and hearty appetites, nothing can beat it! It tastes delicious—and it's specially blended to stimulate the gastric juices, too. That means people digest food better when they have Pan Yan with it. And there's nothing like good digestion to keep people happy!
PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS
4479

Another Bulmer's Contest

25 SILVER TANKARDS FREE

COMPLETE THIS RHYME AND WIN A TANKARD

When you're feeling hot and thirsty, Or your energy is low, Take a glass of Bulmer's Cider, And _____ will quickly go. For a_____drink than Bulmer's, You can search _____ in vain, For the man who earns his living, By his muscle or his brain.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your local cider supplier. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.6, Hereford, before June 24th, 1937. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. A Solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 25 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results will be published in the "Daily Herald" on July 2. Results will be published in the "Daily Herald" on July 2.

Ah! Bulmer's Cider

BULMER'S 'WOODPECKER' (Medium Sweet) or BULMER'S DRY, IN 5-GLASS FLAGONS 10½D A FLAGON (England & Walesonly) 1/- in Scotland.

royds 395.

Glorious!

-BUT THE HARDER YOU HIT THE SOONER YOU'RE "DONE"

Glorious

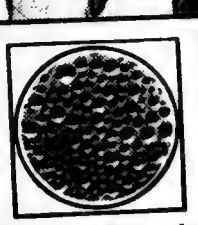
THE 'LIFT' THAT AERO GIVES YOU

WITH the warm, soft sand for the wicket, and every ball in the sea counting six, cricket is grand holiday fun. But the harder you hit and the more you run, the sooner you tire. Quite suddenly you flop. You feel 'beat.' That's when you need the quick 'lift' Aero gives you.

Aero is the entirely new kind of milk chocolate that gives you fresh new energy as fast as you need it. That's because Aero digests so easily and quickly. Aero's special 'honeycomb' texture makes this possible — a texture so fine and light that Aero literally melts in your mouth.

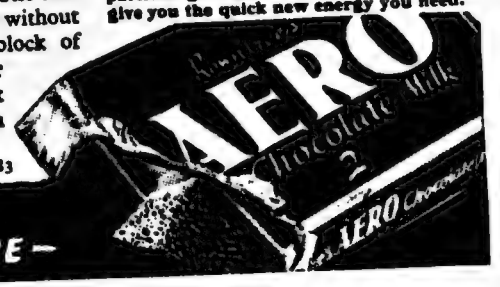
Aero's flavour is delicious — subtle and exciting. And you get it right away, without any cloying after-taste. Try a block of Aero yourself — today. Remember — whenever you're played out there's a quick 'lift' for you with Aero.

PATENT NOS. 459582 and 459583



AERO stimulates the enzyme flow

Here is Aero's 'honeycomb' texture magnified. This texture is the secret of Aero's amazing quick digestive action. It excites the taste-buds on your tongue—stimulates your enzyme flow—speeds up the action of your digestive juices. You see above how Aero dissolves into tiny particles. These particles get right into the bloodstream to give you the quick new energy you need.



LOOK AT THE TEXTURE—

HALF-A-MINUTE!

Don't let indifferent shaving spoil your appearance. Buy the large 1s. 6d. tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream from your chemist to-day, or write to Box 326/64, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a 7-day free trial sample.

A NEW GARDEN IN 10 DAYS if you use SANGRAL *now*

Amazing results being obtained everywhere by using SANGRAL Fertiliser.

SANGRAL the soluble fertiliser adds life-giving organic nitrogen to your soil in 6 hours. In 10 days you'll be astounded at the difference in flowers, fruit, vegetables, tomatoes and lawns. Sangral is easy to apply, economical, and above all 100% SAFE, it cannot harm or "burn" any plant or seedling, because it contains no chemicals whatever. No matter how poor your soil, Sangral will make it rich and productive in a few days. Make a ten-day test this week. ROSES, particularly need Sangral NOW. Feed all your plants with

6d., 1/6, **SANGRAL** 3/- & 5/-.

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER.

FREE. Send a P.C. for 48-page booklet to LASCO LTD., 1 Carruthers Street, Liverpool.

Make way for a plus dog

He'll never be listless again, never scratch, never be off his food. From now on he's a PLUS dog—always fit, always in lovely coat, always full of spirit.

You can easily make *your* dog a PLUS dog. All you need do is to purify his blood with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. This is *Nature's* way, for these famous powders contain the natural blood correctives that a dog in his wild state would find for himself in certain herbs and grasses.

By thoroughly purifying his blood, Bob Martin's will keep your dog free from all blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema and swellings between the toes. They will do more; they will lift him to a sparkling new fitness, give him better *health*, better *coat*, better *spirits*—in fact, make him a PLUS dog.

A PLUS dog in seven days

To free your dog at once from all blood disorders and bring him up to the top of his form, give him a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (3 powders a day for seven days). Even in that short time he will develop the glorious PLUS dog fitness that every well-conditioned dog enjoys by right.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
for better health, better coat, better spirits

All sorts go to make a racecourse crowd, whether it's Ascot or anywhere else. Toppers and trilbys are seen side by side

It's Everybody's ASCOT!

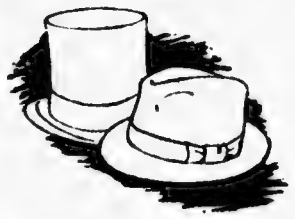
RECORD crowds are flocking to Ascot this week, enjoying themselves on the finest and perhaps most beautiful course in the world.

And though its Royal character is being daily demonstrated by the open carriage procession from the Golden Gates to the Royal box, in which all the prominent members of the Royal Family participate, it is everybody's Ascot.

There has been racing on Ascot Heath since the time of Queen Anne. Open spaces of this kind were always in favour in the early days, and thus we have racing on Newmarket Heath, on Doncaster Town Moor, on Epsom Downs.

The ordinary public had—and has common rights to watch the racing as freely as the great nobles on the other side of the rails.

It has been the same for centuries. To-day Ascot is probably the best-known and best-equipped racecourse in existence. It has larger stands than any other in the country. They contain seventy-six refreshment bars and luncheon rooms.



Each year that goes by sees some improvement in the accommodation. It is nothing for the authorities to spend twenty to thirty thousand pounds on building a new stand or making a new road or tunnel among the maze of buildings.

In Jubilee year several hundred tons of earth and turf were shifted in order to give a better view to spectators in the Royal enclosure.

The clerk of the course, the veteran Sir Gordon Carter, and his staff of about one hundred and fifty groundsmen work three hundred and sixty days in the year in order to get the course ready for four afternoons' racing—four afternoons the pleasure of which can entirely be destroyed by rain.

There was a disastrous Hunt Cup day in 1930, when a cloudburst piled up four feet of water in the paddock and a bookmaker was killed by lightning in Tattersall's ring! In two hours £50,000 worth of damage had been done.

During Ascot week 1,200 temporary attendants have to be engaged. Then, in addition, the enormous totalisator machines which are to be found everywhere from silver ring to the paddock have to be manned. Six hundred men bring their camp beds with them and prepare to work the 360 paying-out boxes.

Several hundred extra constables are drafted in from London and outlying places in Berkshire. The scores of loose-boxes in the famous hotel yard at the top of the hill fill up with the finest horses in the land—in Europe even. There is something in the neighbourhood of £35,000 to £40,000 by way of added money.

And the chief Metropolitan magistrate leaves his court at Bow Street for another one on Ascot racecourse, where he tries local delinquents. It is an immemorial custom. The privilege is that he gets on the course for nothing!

Then, of course, there is the Royal enclosure—the little oblong of grass just in front of the round Royal pavilion to which admission can only be obtained by application to Lord Granard and the possession of a white card, pinned on frock or lapel.

It is the amount of publicity given to the Royal enclosure, Ascot frocks, top hats and morning coats—alas, if truth be told, so many of them hired for the four days!—that has created the impression that the Ascot meeting is a garden party for the rich and fashionable, for which the actual racing is just a flimsy but expensive excuse.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. For one thing, the wearers of the Royal enclosure badge are technically friends of the King and, in a manner, his guests. They pay just a nominal sum for their badge—a matter of £6 for a man and £4 for a woman.

The ordinary members of the public wanting admission to grand stand, paddock and Tattersalls have to pay much more. In fact, the four days costs the man who wants to go to those places anything up to £11.

And if he has a private box he is called on to pay anything from £200. The Royal enclosure subscriptions just about pay for the upkeep of the gardens and the famous rhododendron bushes.

* * *

But that is by the way. At Ascot you can spend money very lavishly if you so desire. In fact, there is no place in the country which has greater facilities for parting you from your money quickly. In some parts it is considered bad form to drink anything but champagne.

Yet at the other end of the scale there is an Ascot which can be looked on as one of the cheapest meetings of the year.

While at one part of the great range of stand buildings men are throwing about pound notes, at the other the modest racegoer can obtain practically the same fun for a few shillings.

Here is the gigantic 6s. stand, capable of accommodating thousands of people. It is built on a generous scale. It has its own refreshment bars and lunch rooms. It has its own "tote." It has its silver ring.

A few years ago, King George V, who took the liveliest personal interest in the racecourse, noticed that the lawn of the 6s. ring was cramped. He ordered it to be extended for another 100 yards, and it was so.

But even the modest price of 6s. does not suit every purse in these difficult times. You can see Ascot races even cheaper. You can see them for precisely nothing by standing on the open heath and watching horses and jockeys go by!

* * *

The heath extends in a vast sweep, embraced on all sides by pleasant woods. Here and there are clumps of gorse. In the clearances are places reserved for the parking of charabancs and other vehicles.

Hundreds of tents and marquees are to be found there on the opening day, when the world and his wife can drink and eat cheaply of all kinds of beverages and food. One picnics on the grass, with bookmakers' stands as background. There are tipsters and hucksters.

The great tents, with temporary gardens at their entrances, and with tall Highlanders in full-dress military uniform standing guard, are the famous club tents—veritable "holies of holies" set down on the popular side in the midst of jellied eel stalls and places where you can buy winkles. Strange that no one thinks of Ascot as being a popular holiday. It is always Epsom.

Nevertheless, there are hundreds of thousands on the heath this week. It is so long since a King has driven down the course. In his Jubilee year King George V was too exhausted to attend the races. Last year the Court was still in mourning. This year our new King and Queen revive the old custom.

WHICH WORD WINS

What word of four letters, beginning with the letters "NE," would aptly answer the Clue, "Home that birds build is this"?

The best Answer you can think of to this Clue and to others for the entertaining Crossword on page 40 may win you £6 Monthly for Life, £400 and a £50 Holiday Cheque this summer and next.

If you can't do that there hair!

● Yes, Sir! BRYLCREEM conquers the most unruly hair. It keeps it in position all day long without clogging the roots. For you see, Sir, BRYLCREEM contains no injurious gum, soap or starch—just natural oils to nourish and stimulate the hair.

Yes, Sir, BRYLCREEM is the perfect Hair Dressing and Tonic. Obtainable in bottles, tubes or new wide neck bottles from all chemists and Hairdressers. Price 1/-. Ask for BRYLCREEM to-day.

MADE FIRST—STILL BEST

Kellogg's made the first Corn Flakes thirty years ago and they've never been equalled for goodness, crispness and flavour.

Only Kellogg's are packed oven-fresh in the heat-sealed WAXTITE bag. Only Kellogg's are so rich in energy and so satisfying for all the family. They are *made* better. *packed* better and *taste* better. On quality alone, Kellogg's Corn Flakes outsell all others.

Ideal for breakfast, lunch or supper. Ready to serve with milk or cream. At all grocers'.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES 5½D

OVEN-FRESH FLAVOUR-PERFECT

10 MINUTES TO WAIT-

-so *Mine's a Minor!*

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR IVORY-TIPPED

In tins: 30 *for* 1/- ★ 60 *for* 2/- ★ *In boxes:* 15 *for* 6d ★ 30 *for* 1/-

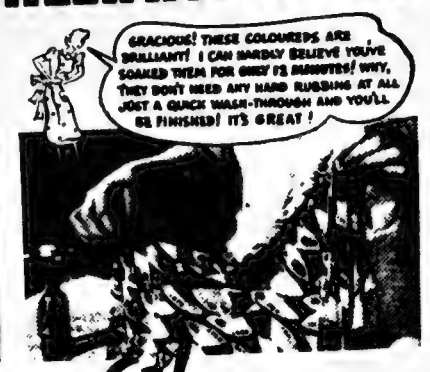
Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

FOR THAT LEISURED ¼ HOUR—DE RESKE MAJORS. 20 for 1/-

NATION-WIDE POPULARITY OF NEWEST, SWIFTEST METHODS WHICH GIVE BRILLIANT WASH

WHAT! LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO BOIL AN EGG? YOU MEAN THOSE CLOTHES HAVE ACTUALLY BOILED AS WHITE AS THAT IN JUST 2 MINUTES? IT'S AMAZING! YOU'VE SAVED 20 MINUTES' FUEL. AND THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY SNOWY!

On your marks! ... Get ready to do your washing right! Give your whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Put them into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. (Don't rub them or soak them!) Just bring them to the boil slowly. In 2 minutes, they'll be snowy white!


GRACIOUS! THESE COLOUREDS ARE BRILLIANT! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE YOU'VE SOAKED THEM FOR ONLY 12 MINUTES! WHY, THEY DON'T NEED ANY HARD RUBBING AT ALL. JUST A QUICK WASH-THROUGH AND YOU'LL BE FINISHED! IT'S GREAT!

Get Set! ... Finish off your coloureds quickly! Don't waste time rubbing them and putting them to soak for hours. Instead, give them the Rinso 12-minute soak. Just pop them into hand-hot Rinso suds for 12 minutes. They'll be bright as new!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE WONDERFUL NEW EASY RINSO METHODS? ALL YOU DO IS GIVE YOUR WHITES THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL; YOUR COLOUREDS THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK! TRY IT! YOUR CLOTHES WILL BE DAZZLING!
... HOW ON EARTH DID YOU DO IT? I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BRILLIANT CLOTHES-LINE! AND YOU'RE THROUGH BEFORE I'VE HALF FINISHED, TOO!
... YES, ISN'T IT AMAZING? REMEMBER WHAT WE READ IN THE PAPERS THE OTHER DAY ABOUT WASHING THE NEW EASY RINSO WAY? WELL, I TRIED IT AND SAVED HALF-AN-HOUR'S FUEL AND I FEEL AS BRIGHT AS A NEW PENNY. YOU'D BETTER TRY IT TOO—IT'S WONDERFUL!

Go! ... Just watch how the news spreads! The minute one woman takes up the new Rinso methods and gets a brilliant clothes-line in record time, her neighbours come to admire and ask how she's done it. Next Monday morning they wash their clothes the swift modern way, too!

WHITES NOW BOILED SNOWY IN ONLY 2 MINUTES; COLOUREDS SOAKED BRILLIANT IN 12 MINUTES!

NO WONDER the news is spreading! No wonder women are taking up the newly-discovered easy Rinso methods and then telling their friends about them!

These wonderful new methods—the Rinso 2-minute boil for the whites, the Rinso 12-minute soak for the coloureds, get clothes clean quickly and without any hard rubbing. Moreover, these two amazingly swift methods *actually give a cleaner, brighter clothes-line!*

That's because Rinso is thorough! It removes all danger of tiny particles of dirt staying within the weave. These particles of dirt are like a grey film; they make bright colours look dull and white things look dingy. With Rinso, all this dirt is removed. Clothes come up clean and bright as new!

30 MINUTES' FUEL SAVED

And because Rinso works so efficiently, women now save about 30 minutes' fuel every time they boil clothes. Besides, you don't need to use anything else *with* Rinso. It does your entire wash alone!

It does your entire wash *safely*. A quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds is ideal for your finest silks and woollens.

Use Rinso next washday. Your clothes-line will be brilliant! You yourself will feel as fresh as a daisy! And you'll never again be satisfied with anything else but Rinso! It costs only 3½d., 6d., or 10d. a packet.

IMPORTANT

Don't be misled about "extra" whiteness. For *safe* washing, avoid using products with a strong bleaching or whitening action.
Rinso gets clothes brilliantly white and clean in a safe, natural way. No mixing is necessary, and no mistakes occur, because there are no destructive chemicals in it. Rinso won't harm fast colours, fabrics or hands.

RINSO

does your whole wash alone

NO BAR SOAP, FLAKES OR OTHER WASHING POWDER NEEDED

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The Good-Natured Laxative
FOR CHILDREN

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IDEAL FOR CHILDREN

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ELIXIR or LOZENGES ?

For children, Lixen fruit-flavoured lozenges are often preferable—they taste just like a sweet. For grown-ups, Lixen lozenges or Elixir—a pleasant-tasting liquid — just whichever you prefer.

LIXEN

The Good-Natured Laxative

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L9A

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CVS—293

VALE of Mystery

Smarting under a sense of injustice I watched her disappear

WE had had a misunderstanding. The girl to whom I had been engaged for nearly a year had left me outside of a tube station fully convinced that I had been in the wrong. Our tiff was the result of my failing to meet her on the previous night.

My reason was simple. I had met a girl I had not seen for years. We had stood talking in the road some distance from the place where I had my "date." She told me that she was worried about a man who had been molesting her.

She had once been engaged to him. Owing to his jealousy and violence it had been necessary for her to finish with him. He had taken this badly, and, despite her threat to go to the police, he would not leave her alone.

On this particular night she had seen him. When he had attempted to speak to her she had run away. When I met her she was in a terrible state of nerves. It was only natural, therefore, for me to help her.

I stayed with her for some time, and advised her to get the police to interview the young man. When I left her I discovered I was late for my appointment.

Arriving at the meeting-place, I found that my fiancée had gone. She was not at her house when I called there later. I waited for about an hour, and when she did not arrive I went home.

The following day I rang her up, and arranged to meet her outside a tube station. The time arranged was seven o'clock.

I was there about ten minutes early. It was a dreadful night. All day a driving wind had howled above the roar of the city traffic. Rain poured down incessantly, and it was bitterly cold.

By the time my fiancée turned up I was feeling wretchedly cold and miserable.

When I saw her I sensed that she was angry. It appeared that she had seen somebody who had seen me talking to the girl the night before. Apparently her mind was already made up as to why I had failed to keep my date with her. I had met this other girl whom, she was certain, I had taken out.

I was in no mood to argue. Explaining exactly what had transpired, I pointed out that it was unfair of her to judge me as she had. She did not agree. We became heated, and in the end she walked off and left me standing.

Smarting under a sense of injustice, I stood and watched her disappear into the tube entrance. Then I went home.

By nine o'clock that night I was feeling terribly ill. My head was filled with shooting pains. I was unbearably hot and conscious of a heaviness about my chest. An hour later, I was almost prostrated with pains in the chest.

My parents, who had noticed my condition, became concerned. In the end they decided to send for the doctor. He arrived about eleven. Meanwhile I had gone to bed.

The gravity of my condition was never apparent to me. This was due, I suppose, to the fact that I was constantly thinking of my fiancée.

I was hurt to think that we had fallen out over nothing. If only I could have seen her and explained to her again what had really transpired the night before, I was convinced that she would understand.

Probably, it was my concern over this matter that prompted me to urge my parents to fetch the girl to my bedside. By this time I was lapsing into a state of delirium.

I remember the doctor examining my chest, of hurried whispers behind my bed, then I entered a strange new world.

I was conscious first of a feeling that can best be described as lightness. It was as if I had been released from my body. After this I seemed to be floating upward. These strange sensations had the effect of bewildering me.

Where I was or what I was doing I did not know. Trying desperately hard to gather my wits, I looked about me. I seemed to be lost in a fog. All I could see were wisps of grey vapour gyrating around me. Then came a discovery that filled me with terror.

At first, I could scarcely believe my eyes, for there below me lying on a bed, I saw my body. I was lying motionless and looking like a corpse. Around my bed was a coloured screen, and people clad in white were peering down at me.

It came to me then that I was dead. This realisation appalled me. I didn't want to die. There was so much I wanted to do on earth.

Apart from my ambition to succeed in my profession, there was an overwhelming desire to make it up with my sweetheart. "I must never die," I thought, "until Hilda knows the truth. She must never go on thinking that I cheated her."

I remember struggling—struggling to descend to that room in which my body was lying. As I did so the fog, or whatever it was, cleared, and I was overjoyed to see myself on the side of a beautiful hill.

Below me a wide valley stretched out to some hills that were just perceptible in a bluish haze. The magnificent colouring of the foliage held me spellbound. I have never seen such gorgeous green in all my life. This was enhanced by the golden rays of the sun which shone clearly in an azure sky.

I was overcome now with a sense of sublime serenity. Nothing seemed to matter. But after a while I became lonely, and I thought how marvellous everything would be if Hilda was with me.

Then a miracle happened. Before me in a little dell I was astounded and overawed by a sudden flash of fire. The brilliance of this almost blinded me. I ducked my head and held my arm to my eyes. When I looked up who should I see smiling at me but my fiancée.

"I had to come to you," she said. "I've come to tell you that I believe you."

After expressing my joy I said that I hoped that nothing of the sort would ever arise again to make us miserable.

"It never will," she replied. "But I'm afraid that we won't see each other for a long time. You see, I have a long journey to make. Some day you will make it, too."

She paused and looked at me sadly.

"But don't be silly," I insisted. "Where you go I go."

"You can't yet," she added. "You have lots to do."

No sooner had she said this than she began to fade before my eyes. As she did so I felt my heart sink. I wanted to call out to her, but I found that I could not speak.

At this juncture, the hills and the valley began to fade too, and in a minute, I found myself once more in the fog. Then I saw something spinning above my head.

It was like a yellow circle of light. As it gradually descended on me. I felt myself being spun around . . . faster and faster I went until at length I became horribly giddy.

After what seemed an eternity of waiting, the spinning slowed down. Then the light vanished. As it did so I was aware of a heaviness in my head and at the back of my eyes.

I was now conscious again. The first inkling I had of this was when I heard a woman's voice say, "How do you feel?"

Opening my eyes, I saw that I was in a hospital ward.

A day or two later, they told me that I had once been given up for dead. But it wasn't until I was completely better that I learned the dreadful news concerning my fiancée. The night she left me she had been run over by a lorry and had died before reaching hospital.

Since the day I first learned of the tragedy, I've often wondered whether my meeting with her during my illness was real, or whether it was merely the result of delirium.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 291,099, Mr. W. D. Cloak, 111, Melfort Road, Croydon, Surrey

SEVERE INDIGESTION

ruined sleep until 'Rennies' came to her rescue

Don't endure indigestion another day. Read how the remedy science offers to you [illegible] now the remedy science offers to you. Read how Rennies. Read how they rescued another sufferer from years of misery :—

"For many years I have had severe indigestion. Dieting and drugs were useless, and I often [illegible] red. Digestif Rennie was introduced to me. I took two tablets after an attack started. I was [illegible] to find that I slept that night. I now take [illegible] after meals, and I think they are wonderful. They do not seem like medicine—they taste just like sweets."
—Mrs. F. S., Essex.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles are just like sweets and taste like sweets. Wrapped in wax paper, you can slip them into your pocket, ready to produce anywhere, any time. But they work in a wonderful way. Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain 15 huge [illegible] of Indigestion—excess acid. Other ingredients [illegible] you of stomach gas, remove poisonous toxins, increase the circulation of blood to the stomach, and help the normal processes of digestion. Stick a [illegible] of Digestif Rennies after every meal and you can eat what you like with no regrets.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d. Family size 1/9.

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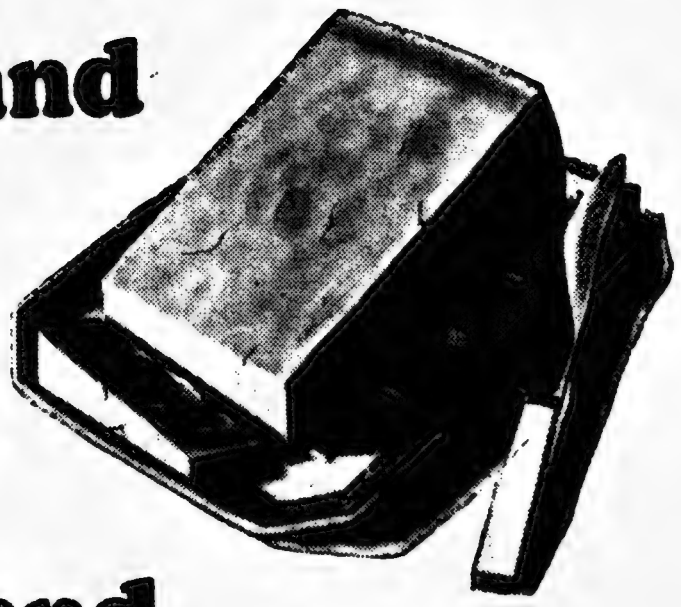

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It's hooked me for life, little man!

A dozen eight-pounders creeled in a day . . . what a catch for a single rod! But it's the day when you cast the deep pools in vain that you're thankful for Four Square Tobacco. Made from the purest leaf, naturally matured and free from artificial flavouring, it can be smoked from the grey of the dawn to the deepening dusk, with never a 'bite' to the tongue in a pouchful. Yes, little man, it needs Four Square tobacco to make an angler 'compleat.'

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How to Stop Indigestion In Five Minutes

By Dr. F.B. Scott, M.D., Paris.

If you want an astonishing demonstration of how quickly and completely indigestion and stomach pain can be stopped just take a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water. I've found that the moment 'Bisurated' Magnesia reaches the stomach it neutralises all burning, ulcerating excess acid. Pain abates at once—heartburn and sourness pass off, flatulence is relieved, and that horrible feeling of 'fulness' disappears.

I personally recommend and prescribe this well-known antacid, and, if you suffer from indigestion or gastric disorder, I strongly advise you to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists at 1/3 and 2/6; trial tin of tablets, 6d.

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Try a cigarette rolled in A.G. paper. Compare it with your usual cigarettes. Note the better flavour—the coolness—the absence of harshness to the throat. You're getting the best possible smoke your tobacco can give you—and you're saving money too. Try it for a month, and see what you save. But be sure to ask for A.G.—it's the fine quality of A.G. that makes the marvellous difference. And the A.G. automatic packet is a real winner.

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They Do Like to SLIM BESIDE the SEA!

One of the classes in progress under the leadership of Miss Diana Ware (right)

OF course there are holidays and holidays. There is the kind of "vacation" that involves tremendous exertion, the constant effort of hurrying from place to place, which some people try to enjoy.

Then there is the so-called "lazy" holiday, with its many hours passed in a deck-chair, or on the beach, and its gradual sun-drenching to a state of mild stupefaction.

On the one hand, there is the kind of person who is never happy unless he is being violently energetic, swimming, playing games, dancing and all the rest; and he returns home at the end of his week or fortnight feeling more tired than restored.

While the other kind of person indulges in such an orgy of relaxation that it takes him weeks to catch up with normal life again.

Somewhere between these extremes lies the perfect holiday. The Minister of Health himself, Sir Kingsley Wood, has been moved to declare:

"The most invigorating and beautiful environment, even reinforced by the most up-to-date health services, will not confer on its inhabitants that robust health which we desire should be the birthright of every individual unless full use is made of the opportunities offered and by judicious participation in physical exercise and recreation."

And what should have moved Sir Kingsley to this? The knowledge that June is Margate's "Health Month."

The idea has the backing of one of the most remarkable young women in this country, Miss Prunella Stack, youngest member of the National Advisory Council for Physical Fitness.

Her Women's League of Health and Beauty has more or less invaded Margate for the month of June, and lissom young women are conducting cliff-top classes every day.

Of course, not the entire League is there, for it's almost a world-wide movement with countless thousands of members. But parties have travelled from all over the country for the purpose, and Prunella, as she is known, led the "Great Parade and Demonstration."

Incidentally, the Double Band of the famous Dagenham Girl Pipers is attending, too, so the event should prove a festival of youthful womanhood.

This is the first time that any resort has attempted to organise fitness on a really useful scale.

Many other places have their "P.T. instructors" and swimming experts, but this idea makes it possible for everyone to join in without fear of looking ridiculous.

For the Women's League of Health and Beauty has members of all ages, shapes and sizes.

Thirty students of the Bagot Stack Health School are taking a leading part, thirty girls who will soon be going out into various parts of the country to carry on the work of teaching.

Their training lasts for two years. They are selected after "auditions" in which they display their natural sense of poise and rhythm.

When they are enrolled they attend lectures in anatomy and physiology, besides studying several forms of dancing.

Before they are passed out they must be highly proficient in Greek, national and tap dancing, and the "stretch and swing" system of exercises.

All the thirty girls visiting Margate have reached proficiency, if not perfection, and onlookers will have a chance to see for themselves what fine figures and radiant health are produced by sane exercise.

Twelve teachers from various district centres, with their own parties, will also be at Margate during the month. Coachloads of young women are travelling from several points of the southern counties.

The principal figure for this month, apart from Prunella herself, is twenty-four-year-old Diana Ware, one of the most striking personalities in the whole physical culture movement.

She is leading the cliff-top classes for the whole period, and much of the success of the venture depends upon her.

She is very pretty, vivacious, and has a magnetic personality. She is much experienced in public speaking, and has opened up several of the new Health and Beauty centres.

Like most other teachers, she is a product of the Bagot Stack Health School.

Miss Prunella Stack, apart from leading the Margate march, took a part in organising the whole thing, although she had to devote much time to the League Wembley display in the middle of the month.

"I am truly delighted," she told me, "at this lead which Margate is giving to the country. There is already evidence that other resorts all round the coast intend to follow suit, and hold their various 'Health Months.'

"That, of course, is just a step nearer making all the people of the country 'health-conscious'—one of the ideals for which we are striving."

Margate is making the visit to the town as attractive as possible for the girls who will assist in the Health Month. All municipal entertainments are available for them at half price, and hotel and boarding-house terms are specially reduced for them.

The big day of the month was when hundreds of League members marched through the streets, led by Prunella and the girl pipers.

Out of the town and up on to the cliffs they marched, and there, far above the sea, gave a mass demonstration of graceful exercises.

But not all the time of the girl visitors is spent so energetically. Margate is a big place, comprising Cliftonville, Westbrook, Birchington and Westgate-on-Sea as well as the old town itself.

It is not so much a town as several towns, each with its own character and its own particular atmosphere. The nine miles of seafront and sands have been divided, gradually, so that there is an especial appeal for each kind of taste.

The one thing common to all parts of Margate is the bathing, which is safer and more pleasant than almost anywhere else. The sands slope so gently into the sea that there is never, at any state of the tide, any risk of finding yourself suddenly far out of your depth.

In any case, there are bathing stations in all the bays, and the Cliftonville bathing pool is equipped with every idea for making swimming a sheer delight.

And there's the Clifton Baths estate, with its revue-theatre, cabaret entertainments, ballroom-café.

So there's no need for the healthy and beautiful members of the League to wonder what they'll do with their spare time. And if they go through these entertainments with the lightness and grace of their exercises, Margate will be all the better for its Health Month.

DON'T WORRY!

THE holiday has begun.

The front door is shut securely, but at the garden gate isn't there just a fleeting moment of anxiety?" All the precious possessions that mean "Home" are being left behind. Will they be safe?

Our registered readers need have no such qualms. JOHN BULL *is the only paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by fire, storm, flood and tempest, and to pay sickness benefits as well as provide benefits for loss by burglary, and numerous accidents.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

In the event of an application for benefit arising, they will be required to show that they bought JOHN BULL while away and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return.

Use the forms on page 18 before you go away—do it *now*.

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Robert Taylor and June Knight in "Broadway Melody of 1936," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.

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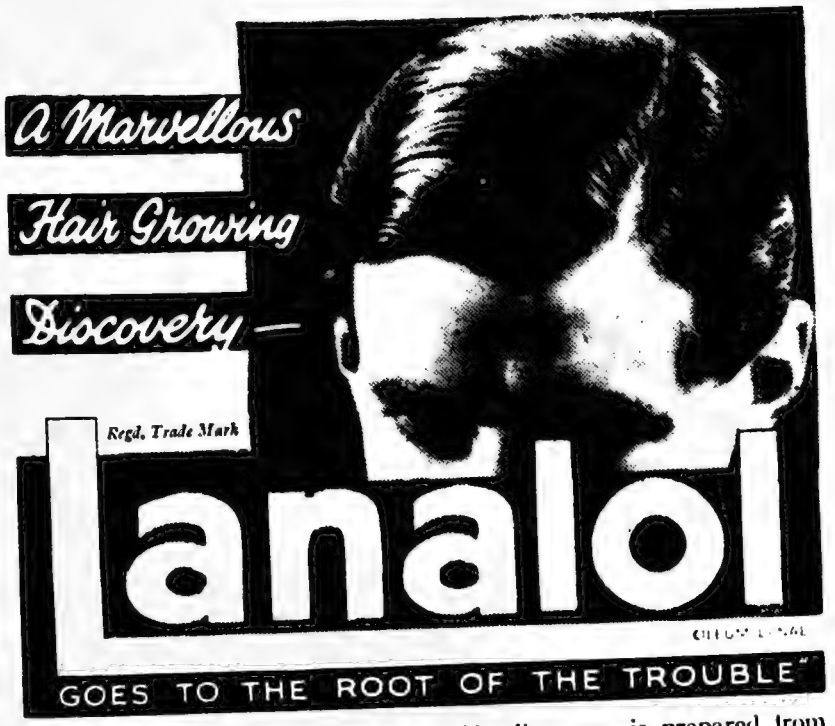

LANALOL Hair Food, the new scientific discovery, is prepared from *live hair glands*, and counteracts in an astonishing manner all weakness of hair growths. Just as surely as good food satisfies and refreshes the hungry body, so Lanalol provides nourishment to the scalp and hair roots and corrects such troubles as complete or patchy baldness, dandruff, thin or falling hair. The daily use of this Hair Food results unfailingly in a really beautiful, glossy head of hair.

LANALOL is the perfect daily dressing for Business and Professional Men.

A London Doctor (M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.), finding his hair receding at the forehead and becoming scanty at the crown, applied Lanalol daily for a few weeks. He now writes:

"I have used Lanalol Hair Food and find it a very natural tonic for the hair. *It has saved me from premature baldness* and I can therefore recommend it with every confidence."

A lady writes:

"My husband, who is a doctor, will not use anything else but Lanalol."

Ladies will find LANALOL No. 2 encourages deep and lasting waves.

Being a purely natural organic hair food containing no injurious chemicals, Lanalol is readily and completely absorbed by the scalp, as well as by every single hair, from root to tip. All users, of both sexes, quickly discover that Lanalol is no mere surface dressing. It permeates and invigorates the scalp and hair. You will be surprised and delighted to see how wonderfully your *regular* morning and evening use of Lanalol will quicken and increase the growth, healthy life and lustre of your hair.

2/6 LARGE BOTTLE A Month's Treatment

LANALOL is obtainable in two forms: No. 1 WITH OIL (yellow label) and No. 2 WITHOUT OIL (green label). 2/6 per large bottle from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all good Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. *If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Lanalol Ltd., 57-60 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, when a bottle will be sent securely packed per return of post.*

IT CAN'T HELP MAKING HAIR GROW because it is made from **HAIR-GROWING GLANDS**

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Yes, two minutes is a long time, sometimes! But remember that endurance is one of the wonderful gifts of good health. You never know how clever you can be and how happy you can feel until you're really *fit*. So remember your Beechams Pills, the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years. They keep your system *regular*—regular as the clock! *Purely Vegetable.*

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Yes! —if you keep regular with **BEECHAMS PILLS**

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile Cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

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Price 1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/- per bottle from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and 4,000 other Chemists. (Special Tablets for children up to 12, 3/- and 8/-.) In case of difficulty, send price direct to:—

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Says Farmer Hayseed.

Brew this health-giving drink yourself for less than

ONE PENNY PER PINT

Pleasantly surprise your friends with the rich, full flavour of Mason's. You can safely offer it to all, it is strong yet non-intoxicating, a drink and a beverage. Mason's costs only 9d. a bottle from Grocer or Chemist. Send for sample.

MASON'S Extract of Herbs

COUPON

To NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., Nottingham.

Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Name & Address in Block Letters .....

Dept. 20.

Human Documents by Philip Inman

HAVOC in the HOME

A jealous husband or wife . . .

. . . can not only wreck a home but ruin the health of those who have to suffer

"MY husband's damnable jealousy is making my life a hell," writes a woman reader. Those are strong words, but there is ample justification for them. There is no curse more devastating than the green-eyed monster.

It spoils friendships, destroys health, plays havoc with home life. Listen to this letter:—

I have been married eight years, and my problem is a jealous husband. A little time ago his young brother came to stay with us, and although I swear there is nothing between us, I am accused of carrying on with him. This is the kind of thing that happens. My husband goes out with friends sometimes and I am left at home.

Last night he came in late, and his brother and I happened to be having a cup of tea together. When I saw my husband's face I knew what was coming. He did not say anything then, but waited until we were alone. Then he started. "When did the children go to bed? What time did Albert come home? How long were you by yourselves?"

Can you imagine what it is like to be pestered by such questions? His horrible distrust of me makes me feel sometimes that I should be better off if I were dead. Not long ago I had a nervous breakdown, and through his suspicions it seems as though I am heading for another.

My parents tell me to leave him, but I could not live without him and our two children, for they mean everything to me. Besides, we could be so happy, for my husband is a splendid worker, is not stingy or mean with his wages, and he is good to the children. I will wait patiently for your advice and I will gladly abide by it.

◆ Now, this husband has much to commend him. He is a hard worker, good to his children, generous with his wages. It is a great pity that his virtues are spoilt by his insane jealousy. What is to be done about it?

My correspondent's parents urge her to leave him. That should be the very last way out. She knows that, for she says, "I could not live without him and the children." I suggest that she should have a frank talk with him on these lines: "We could be so happy together, but you are making my life unbearable by your unfounded suspicions.

"There is absolutely nothing between your brother and me, but if you think there is, then let us agree to ask him to find other accommodation. I don't want anybody or anything to interfere with the peace of my home life."

That appeal might have some good result. I hope it will, for I always think it is far better for the two parties concerned to settle their own differences without calling in outside help.

But if this be not successful, I advise this woman to ask her doctor to have a chat with her husband. I have known many similar cases where a tactful medical man has worked wonders. She would have every reason for taking this step, as her health is suffering in consequence of the treatment she is receiving.

Jealousy is not confined to husbands. Here it is manifesting itself in a father. It is this man's wife who writes:—

Two years ago our boy of fourteen won a scholarship, and up to that time we had been a very happy family. Since then there have been repeated arguments between my husband and myself concerning him. They used to be such excellent pals, going for long walks, cycling together at week-ends and playing the usual indoor games.

Then, at his new school, he found a friend, who used to come home occasionally with him; but my husband objected, saying he could not stand the noise of two boys after a day at business. From that time things have changed. Now my husband will not go with him anywhere or take an interest in his work, and the home is nothing like as peaceful and as happy as it used to be.

I want to be fair to my husband, but I fear he is just selfish and unnatural to want to keep the boy to himself and prevent other people gaining his affections. Will you please advise me what to do?

◆ In this case, too, it is a great pity that trouble has arisen which is spoiling the happiness of that home life. It seems to me only natural that "youth should turn to youth" and that a boy should enjoy the companionship of a lad of his own age. They are of the same generation, with a similar outlook and interests. And the boy would have been an exception had he not formed a friendship of this kind.

If this other lad is not exerting any bad influence over him, I can see no possible harm in the association. In fact, a great deal of good may result. For children who are constantly in the company of their elders may become "too old for their years." There seems no doubt that my correspondent's husband is hurt because he feels that he is no longer essential to his boy's happiness.

Many a mother has the same feelings when her son seeks the company of a girl, and she knows that she has no longer first place in his thoughts. But wise parents accept these things as inevitable. They recognise that the affection of young people for each other is vastly different from the affection they have for their parents. And that both can exist without any clashing.

I hope that husband can be persuaded to see the matter in the right light. Let my correspondent point out to him that the boy is only developing upon ordinary normal lines; that he would stand a better chance of retaining his affection and respect if he acknowledged this fact, and that it would be better for everyone concerned if he were to make a pal of both those boys instead of an enemy of one.

We have seen how jealousy can affect a husband and a father. My next letter shows its evil influence upon an uncle:—

Three years ago, says this correspondent, my sister died leaving two daughters. We have no children of our own, and thinking my husband would be glad, I took these girls into our home. They are both in employment, and although not earning much, they are able to keep themselves, and we have had no trouble with them in any way.

At first my husband was really good to them, but for the last two years he has almost ignored them, only speaking when forced to do so. As soon as they come in he stops talking and sits reading till they go to bed. He is then ready to talk to me again. At first they would ask what the trouble was, but now they take it for granted.

They always answer civilly when he does happen to address them. Now they are talking about finding posts away. I know it is only on account of my husband's attitude, because, as they were born in this town, all their interests are here, and they both love their work. Do you think my husband is jealous? He always tells me I am a good wife, but the strain is making me very unhappy.

I can see what has happened here. My correspondent and her husband are without children of their own. Up to the time those girls came into their home they had only themselves to think about. But the advent of those two nieces made a very great difference.

"At first," I am told, "my husband was really good to them." Precisely. Having two girls in the home was a novelty. But when that wore off, the demon of jealousy stalked in.

◆ Now the peace and happiness of her home must be my correspondent's first consideration. I suggest that in a quiet talk with her husband she should assure him that that is her only desire. She can then go on to say that the girls contemplate leaving them. And very tactfully she can tell him the reason.

It may make him think on these lines: "I know my wife cares for these girls. If she is prepared to make this sacrifice for me, then I must indeed come first in her life. That satisfies me." This may lead to the re-establishment of friendly relations.

But if it does not, then it would be better if those girls carried out their suggestion to go and live elsewhere. The continuance of the present state of affairs is detrimental to the happiness of everyone in that home—the husband, my correspondent and the girls themselves.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

How to Cure Dog's Bad Breath

IF your dog's breath has a nasty smell he can't help it—but you can easily cure it by using the remedy which 80 out of every 100 breeders and exhibitors rely upon to keep their valuable Champion and prize-winning dogs fresh and wholesome. This remedy is called KARSWOOD Dog Powders, which, unlike ordinary single salt powders, contain (1) IRON for the Blood; (2) PHOSPHORUS for the Nerves and Muscles; (3) IODINE for the Glands; (4) TONIC SALTS for the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys; (5) SULPHUR for the Skin; (6) CALCIUM for Bone Development. Through their exclusive SIX-FOLD action KARSWOOD Dog Powders regulate every vital organ in the dog's system and act like magic in banishing common doggy ailments such as bad breath, scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite, etc. Get a packet of Karswood Dog Powders to-day—9 Powders 6d. or 21 Powders 1/-.—Chemists, Dog Shops, etc. Refuse substitutes.

FULL-SIZE 6d. PACKET FREE. Test Karswood Dog Powders at our expense by writing for FREE full size 6d. packet of 9 powders. No obligation. Send NOW to Karswood, E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 9, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester. [Advt.]

'LIVE' Yeast is LIFE....

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

... PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, thereby prolonging the JOY OF LIFE.

...50 Tablets 1/3 ...

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Perfectly Safe .... Not a Patent Medicine.

From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

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"Ah! that reminds me to **Get Gibbs!**"
It's Super-Fatted!

Super-fatting means:—a richer and more creamy lather—a lather which remains moist—a quick lather in hot or cold water—your face left refreshed and cool.

In addition Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream is surprisingly economical . . . so little goes so far. And it is delightfully perfumed.

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY!

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Is there no QUICK way with these wretched BOILS?

Housewives! You need *not* see your man depressed, irritable, tortured by Boils.

There's a QUICK way and it's absolutely safe. Your Mother knew it, and her Mother too. It's LION OINTMENT, famous for 90 years.

Try a small box of LION. See how rapidly it brings the inflammation out. How it soothes the pain, takes the lines of care from your sufferer's face. How it forms a clean new skin from underneath, and leaves the part completely healed.

Nurses use and trust in LION for Boils and all the complaints mentioned below:

SEPTIC WOUNDS, ABSCESSES, WHITLOWS, PILES, ECZEMA, and even **LEG TROUBLE.**

Also for **Cuts, Burns, Bites, Stings.**

From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box. In case of difficulty, send P.O. to Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59, Gray's Inn Road, London.

'ASPRO' WINS THE DAY!

IT wins because service always wins. By its works 'ASPRO' lives and grows. It lives by healing the sick—banishing aches and pains—stopping colds and 'flu—soothing the irritable. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' tablets do their work safely without harming the heart or the stomach, without creating a craving. In fact, 'ASPRO' is a :—

TRIUMPH of POSITIVE ACTION OVER SUFFERING AND PAIN

Read this convincing proof

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsolicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority. Made in England by

ASPRO LIMITED,
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
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No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

'I USE 'ASPRO' MYSELF"— SAYS DOCTOR

Dear Sirs,—I find that 'ASPRO' does all that you claim for it, and I recommend it with confidence. I have tried it in cases of simple neuralgia where it acts like a charm. I have also found it to be efficacious in cases of rheumatism, neuritis and common colds and frequently use it myself for sleeplessness, lumbago and headache.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) . . . . . .
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.
(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

PAIN IN LEG & SHOULDERS BANISHED

56 Gore Road,
Hackney, E.9.

Dear Sirs,
I am pleased to state that I have tried your 'ASPRO' for my right knee what I suffered for some great length of time. A friend told me to try 'ASPRO' which I did and thanks to you and your good medicine my leg and shoulders are quite well again. 'ASPRO' is a great boon to sufferers.

I remain, Yours truly,
JOHN JACKSON.

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO

Feet ache?

IT'S ACID!

2½ million sweat glands or pores are on duty in your skin. These are small tubular drains, and their job is to rid the body of poisonous acid. Your feet have about 3,000 pores to the square inch; your back only 300. Most foot troubles are caused by the 3,000 sweat glands to the square inch going out of action. The acid accumulates in the blood, tissues and muscles. Then feet lose their flexibility—become easily tired—ache—burn. The skin hardens, corns and callouses form. The big toe-joint swells into a bunion. No wonder people with 'acid' feet get weary, irritable, depressed. *You've got to shift that acid or suffer.* The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a little Radox added. Radox softens and expands the skin, and opens the pores to a degree impossible with plain water. And the oxygen released by Radox penetrates the pores—searches out every trace of the mischievous acid. Pains and stiffness disappear. Swellings subside. Burning feet are cooled and comforted. Corns and callouses melt away. Get a 1/6 packet of Radox, double quantity 2/6 (or in cubes 3 for 7½d.) from your chemist and give your poor feet a Radox footbath to-night. The benefits will be *immediate*. Make it a nightly practice, and soon you'll know the blessing of a pair of healthy, happy *flawless* feet.

Section of skin showing coiled sweat glands, and the sweat ducts which carry acid waste to the skin surface

RADOX

The DAILY *treat for troubled feet!*

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Reliable Folding Car with reversible handle, strong tubular frame, tangent spoke tin wheels, rubber tyres, & handsomely upholstered. In Fawn or Wedgwood Blue shades. Folds compactly and easy to carry. 25/- Terms: 2/6 monthly.

Write for Catalogue of Folding Cars and Prams, sent POST FREE.

3/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

40,000 Miles of *Happiness*

LAST week we told how a young London salesman, Mr. Hugh Smith, won a huge "Bullets" prize on the eve of his wedding.

A fortune of £1,000 and £6 weekly life pension were his amazing reward for a few simple words and a sixpenny postal order.

To complete his prize, he sailed with his bride last Christmas Eve on a 40,000-mile cruise in the *Franconia* at JOHN BULL's expense.

In the first part of his journal, Mr. Smith told of their progress to New York, South America, St. Helena, South Africa, India, Ceylon, and eastwards towards the rising sun.

We take up the romantic tale of this honeymoon round the world at the point where Mr. Smith's diary records their arrival at Hong Kong in April.

This proved one of the "high spots" of our cruise (Mr. Smith's narrative goes on). Hong Kong harbour is magnificent—finer, I thought, even than that of Rio.

We had an orgy of shopping ashore. Things were amazingly cheap owing to the rate of exchange, and we found the Chinese most courteous. Hong Kong is one of the few places in the East where one can shop without being pestered by hawkers and beggars.

Next day was the Chinese Good Friday, and we saw thousands carrying offerings to the graves of their ancestors. They lay roasted fowls and pigs on the graves, let off fireworks and burn imitation paper money.

Three days flew all too quickly in this fascinating and beautiful place, and by the night of April 8 the *Franconia* docked at Shanghai. Here we saw the famous Willow Pattern Tea House, the Bird Market and the Mandarin Gardens.

There are statues of Buddha galore in Shanghai. We particularly liked the Laughing Buddha, a fine, fat, healthy-looking fellow, full of the joy of life.

We left Shanghai early in the morning of April 10 and sailed up the River Wangpu into the open sea. Two days later we anchored off Chinwangtao, landed by tender and entered our special train for Pekin.

In Pekin our first visit was to the Forbidden City, packed with priceless relics of Imperial China.

In the State Museum is a collection of remarkable clocks: we saw one built like a birdcage, in which mechanical birds hopped from perch to perch, and another containing a tiny waterfall which played a musical accompaniment.

We visited the Summer and Winter Palaces and saw the Temple of a Thousand Buddhas, one on every tile of the roof.

Next we went to the Temple of Heaven, a group of buildings including the Happy New Year and Harvest Halls. The latter is surrounded by a circular wall, within which, by a strange phenomenon, a whisper can be heard 70 yards away.

Some priests were chanting in the Llama temple, but others were busy trying to sell all sorts of trash as souvenirs. Two provided a diversion by indulging in a free fight.

When we left Pekin to catch our train back to the ship, two Chinese boys had a tussle to decide which should carry our luggage. In the midst of the scuffle a third boy seized his opportunity, the luggage and the job!

Very different from the barren wastes of Northern China we found the green Japanese countryside. Driving inland from Nagasaki, we saw rice and vegetables being grown on every available piece of land.

We reached Miyajima on April 21. No vehicles of any sort are allowed on this sacred island—not so good, as the roads were very muddy. Tame deer wander about and some fed from our hands.

At Kalurengo we watched the world-famous Cherry Dance and took part in the tea-drinking ceremony. The dancers, beautiful Geisha girls, performed with perfect grace and rhythm. It takes five years for them to graduate and they take great pride in their art.

From Yokohama we went by train to Tokyo—the most amazing city in the East, risen from the ruins left by the great earthquake of 1923—and drove out for a view of Fujiyama, the tremendous volcano.

Mountains, waterfalls, cherry and maple trees and innumerable blooms of brilliant colours made the country a real fairyland.

While my wife was in a beauty parlour I drove through the poorer parts of Yokohama, and was impressed by the absence of the abject poverty which seems an accepted condition in most Eastern countries.

Hundreds of Japanese came to wave us good-bye. The stewards distributed streamers to the passengers, and one side of the *Franconia* soon became a mass of colour.

The ship's band struck up, and cheer after cheer went up as we moved slowly into the bay, our streamers waving gaily in the breeze, to start our nine-day run to Honolulu.

Another gay scene took place when the *Franconia* reached Honolulu early on the morning of May 8. The Royal Hawaiian band greeted us with the beautiful island song, "Aloha," and pretty native girls came aboard to decorate us all with garlands of flowers.

The island seemed to be one mass of flowers and foliage. Among the strange things we saw ashore was an upside-down waterfall. It starts from the top of a mountain in the usual way, but on reaching a ridge some way down, up it goes again, forced by a very strong current of air.

After seeing some peculiar fish of vivid colours and extraordinary shapes, we drove round Diamond Head to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel overlooking the famous Waikiki beach.

Here we had lunch and witnessed exhibitions of cocoanut tree-climbing and hula dancing. In the evening we danced ourselves, at a special cabaret arranged for the World Cruise passengers, and at 11.30 p.m. the *Franconia* moved off to Hilo.

Once more we heard "Aloha," and before the ship rounded Diamond Head we cast our flower garlands into the sea, as do all who wish to return.

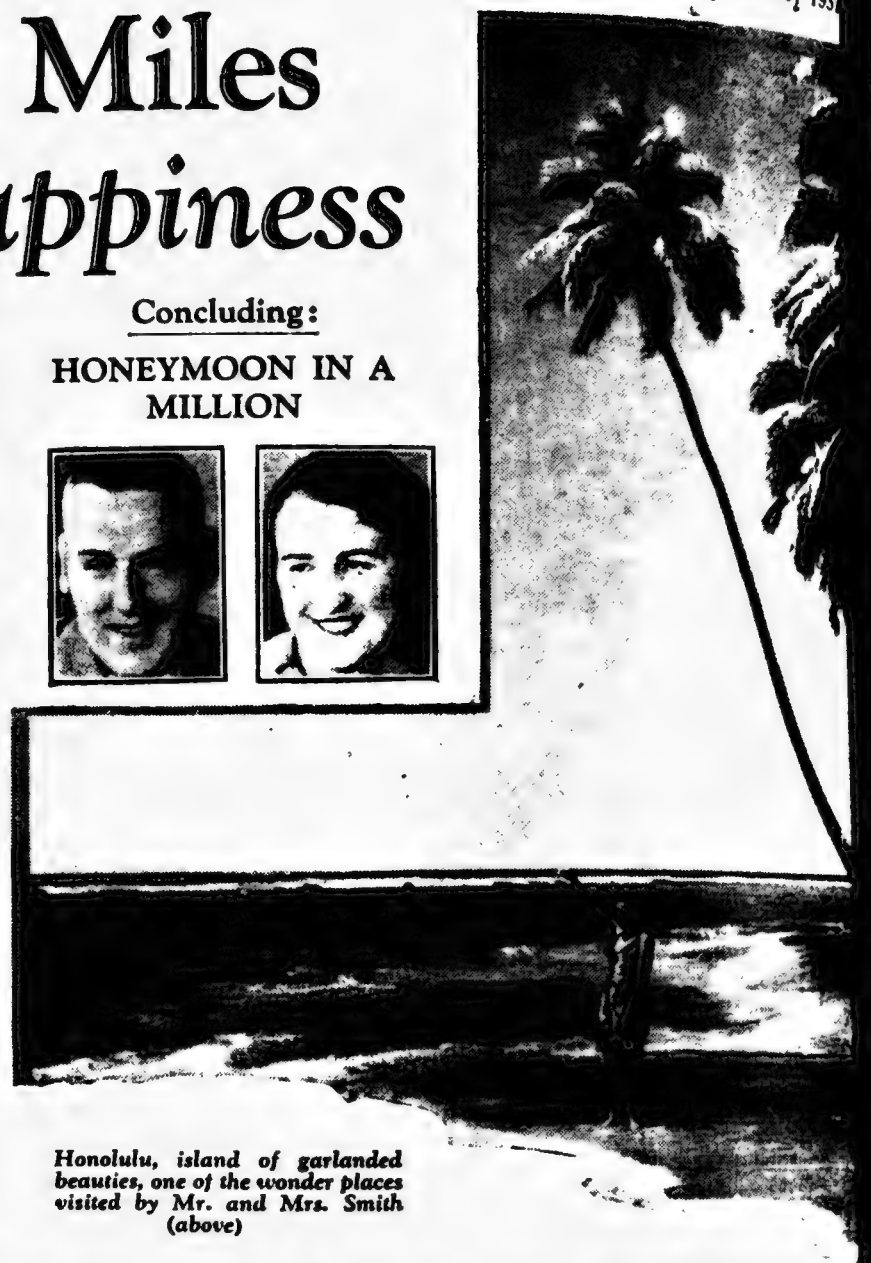
More girls greeted us with garlands and songs on our arrival at Hilo next afternoon. Driving out to the volcanic district, we inspected the Twin Craters and the amazing Lava tube, 1,600 feet long and 14 feet in diameter. The tube has been opened up and walking inside it was a thrilling experience.

We then drove to an active volcano known as the Fire Pit. Steam was

(*Continued on page 42*)

Concluding:

HONEYMOON IN A MILLION



Honolulu, island of garlanded beauties, one of the wonder places visited by Mr. and Mrs. Smith (above)

Keep the Kidneys active

Nobody puts up with clogging of the bowels but clogged kidneys which have more serious results are often neglected. Backache, urinary disorders, disturbed sleep, dizzy attacks, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are the frequent results.

These symptoms of kidney weakness warn you that self-poisoning is going on — that indicate that the blood which should nourish the tissues, the nerves and the joints, is upsetting the system by carrying impurities to all parts of the body.

The kidneys need flushing by taking Doan's brand Backache Kidney Pills. When the diuretic and urinary stimulant has cleansed the millions of tiny kidney filters, rich, pure blood will again nourish the body. Doan's Pills contain no harmful drugs; without causing the least discomfort they ease those days and nights of needless pain. People in all parts of the world bless Doan's Pills for their present good health. Why not benefit by their experience and start taking Doans Pills, now?

INSIST UPON DOANS. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

The Wonder Tablet

Take it!

-And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the bloodstream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad legs.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*I feel 10 years younger.*"
"*It put me on my feet.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Elasto has saved me pounds.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters).
ADDRESS.....

"J.B." 10.6.37.....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Give A Face Powder Party

at your home

FREE 100,000 SPECIAL BOXES

TOKALON MOUSSE OF CREAM FACE POWDER

to be distributed free for face powder parties, as below

GREAT HOLLYWOOD cinema stars have voted "thumbs down" on face powder that shows—that gives you a "made up" look. No matter what colour face powder you use, it may be the wrong colour for you. A certain blonde may look far better by using a brunette powder, and a brunette by using a blonde powder. The only way to know is by trying one colour on one side of your face and another colour on the other side, and see what a difference it makes. Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream powder is made in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and water-proof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Poudre Tokalon is made by a patented process. (Patent No. 218,154). It was purchased by Tokalon at an enormous price. Send 3d. in stamps to cover costs of postage, packing and other expenses, and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder and six packages of different colours, and you can test them alone or with a few of your friends and have a real face powder party. We will also send you two tubes of Tokalon Skinfood for both day and night use. Crème Tokalon is the only cream which should be used with Mousse of Cream powder. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream powder and Crème Tokalon are both sold everywhere at 6d. and 1/-.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST

and see how much fresher and younger you will look. Full instructions in article at left.

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

quickly relieved by Vitadatio.

Wonderful tributes to Vitadatio, the famous herbal remedy, are received daily.

Mrs. Walton, 4*, Bentgate St., Newbery, Rochdale, writes:—"For four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles my back was easier, so I persevered with it. I have been working two years and keeping fit."

If you are a sufferer do not give up hope—cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach complaints, Vitadatio stands alone. Get a bottle to-day. If further proof is required, write for book of testimonials.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From YITADATIO, 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

RHEUMATISM

NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Urace brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse ——, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.*

—But it must be KEATINGS

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

Why endure
SKIN AGONY?
Soothes At a Touch
Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
Conquers Even Terrible
BAD LEG!

Do not continue to endure the awful agony of Skin Afflictions! Everywhere, GERMOLENE, the Ointment with the wonderful Aseptic Principle, is conquering such obstinate troubles as Varicose Leg Ulcers and making 'Child's play' of ending the distressing unsightliness of Spots, Pimples, Eczema, etc. Immediately GERMOLENE is applied, inflammation subsides—irritation ceases—poisons and morbid matter are driven out and in a short time blemishes disappear, open wounds are healed clean without a scar! Skin Victims! Don't suffer! Get YOUR tin of GERMOLENE NOW!

ABSCESSES
BOILS
ITCH
WOUNDS
IMPETIGO
ULCERS
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
BLACKHEADS
HEAT RASH
SCALDS
SUNBURN
ACNE, BURNS
INSECT BITES

ALL ENDED Thanks to Germolene
6D 1/3, 3/- & 12/- per tin
Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS
(Brand) 1/3 Per Box

EVERY POST A WINNING POST

POST YOUR BETS to the "BIG TWO"

1/- 2/- 2/6 5/- 10/- 20/-
£2, £5, £10
UP TO ANY AMOUNT

All Postage Paid

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS
BEARING A TIME STAMP NOT LATER THAN THE SET TIME OF ANY RACE IN ACCORDANCE WITH RULES WILL BE ON AT STARTING PRICE OR TOTALISATOR RETURNS AS DESIRED

NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE

Please send particulars of your Sportsman's Complete Service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 19/6/37
Address
Town County
THE BIG TWO

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C.2

FROM OUR READERS

10s. to Feed a Basque Child—But Our Own Must Be Kept on 3s.

THERE has reached me a circular inviting subscriptions to the fund in aid of the Basque refugee children now in Britain. It is signed by M.P.s and other persons who play a big part in unemployment relief administration.

The information is given that at least ten shillings a week is necessary for each child's maintenance. It would be more, it is stated, but for the fact that food will be bought at wholesale prices.

Until recently, I was unemployed and had to buy at ordinary prices. Yet three shillings was considered sufficient by the Government to maintain my children.—L. F. ASHBY, Ridge Park Avenue, Plymouth.

This letter is only a sample of some hundreds in the same strain received this week.

GOLF FIENDS

FIFTEEN years ago this week, at Banchory, Kincardineshire, I played ten and a half rounds of golf in one day, covering thirty-four miles and returning an average score of 89 per round.

I teed off at 2.10 a.m. and finished in the darkness at 9.40 p.m.—VICTOR MELHUISH, Felsham Road, Putney, S.W.15.

Mr. J. H. Perkins, of the Goodwood Golf Club (handicap 15), will try to beat that performance this week.

AFFECTIONATE

CALLERS to-day at the bank at which I am teller included an old woman who wished to cash a cheque.

When I asked her to endorse it, she seemed confused and unable to comprehend.

"Just write your name on the back," I said, "exactly as you would sign a letter."

When the cheque was handed back to me, I was almost overcome on reading the words "Your loving Edith."—S. E. PARTINGTON, Plympton Avenue, Kilburn, N.W.6.

Another bank officer tells us that he has had a letter from a woman customer stating that if ever she comes to the bank to draw out money she must be refused!

Race with "Silver Ring"

Pitmen's Derby

THE Northumberland Plate—better known as the Pitmen's Derby—will claim attention with Ascot safely over.

The "Geordies" are all ready to cheer Newtown Ford home, and it is not easy to see what is to beat Harry Peacock's charge.

Prior to moving to Richmond, Yorks, Peacock trained Newtown Ford at Spigot Lodge, and I guarantee that the horse will be as fit as when Underhand was prepared for the race at the famous establishment in the bad old days. Underhand won the event in 1857, 1858 and 1859.

In answer to enquirers, at the moment of writing my Code selections show a profit, on a level stake, of 39½ points.

Hollands and Mino may be the best wagers at Windsor this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, June 17, to Wednesday, June 23.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 95K962Z94OQ93V would read BATTLESHIP.

TOO TERRIBLE!

A GRIEVOUS blunder has been made by the Mint authorities in designing the new threepenny-piece.

I was filled with dismay when I found that the coin is too thick to go into any of the home safes which are supplied by the Post Office and the banks.—WILLIAM WALLACE, Colinslee Drive, Paisley.

A definite blow at a Scottish hoarding habit. Mint states that it was an oversight.

WORK THIS OUT

NORTH-WEST CAMBERWELL Labour Party's secretary, Mr. J. H. Round, saves £6 1s. 4d. per annum by posting four letters twice a week to himself.

The Post Office allows imitation typewritten circular letters to be delivered for a halfpenny, if at least twenty are posted at the same time.

The executive of Mr. Round's party, however, numbers only sixteen—so that sixteen three-halfpenny stamps would be necessary if he had not found a way out by posting four copies of his twice-weekly communiques to himself.—R. BRAMLEY, High Street, Croydon.

It is no doubt that by this kind of acumen that Mr. Round is also Chairman of the Finance Committee of Camberwell Borough Council.

MAKE IT GENERAL

IN one of the largest collieries here the miners have just held a ballot to select from themselves two working-men mine inspectors.

The duties of the two appointed are to make regular rounds of the pit workings in the interests and welfare of the miners and to make reports on possible improvements and removal of dangerous conditions.

Their reports are to be submitted both to the management and to the miners' lodge.

This seems to represent the most forward step yet taken to mines safety.—A. O. MILLS, Osborne Street, Rhos, Wrexham.

Official mines inspectors admit that the technical knowledge of many ordinary workers is as great as their own.

HARD LINES

PRACTICALLY all shopkeepers now accept postal orders as currency.

Five weeks ago I cashed one for 17s. 6d. tendered by a customer for a purchase and paid it into my bank next day.

Now, after all that time, the Post Office has only just discovered that the order had been stolen a month previously in Southampton.

And the Post Office also demands that I shall refund the 17s. 6d.—S. J. JACKS, Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

Whilst postal orders continue to be marked "not negotiable," shopkeepers must accept them at their peril.

CALLER HERRIN'

WITH the disappearance of foreign markets for herring, one can sympathise with the difficulties of the Herring Industry Board in its effort to rescue this branch of fishing from bankruptcy.

But the Board has made a bad beginning at the outset of the new curing season by allowing, at Peterhead, [illegible] crans of herring—enough to feed a [illegible] town for a few days—to be dumped in the sea because the fish could not be sold at the fixed minimum price.

There is bound to be more of this scandalous wastage while the police rigid price standards is maintained.—J. S. BANNATYNE, Wilton Street, [illegible] gow, N.W.

The effect is that the retail price of herring this week is twopence each.

CONFUSION—

MY two brothers and myself [illegible] partners who are cousins to each other.

Therefore, we are all cousins-in-law as well as brothers- and sisters-in-law.

Also we are aunts and uncles as well as second cousins to each other's children.

And the children are both first and third cousins to each other.—MRS. RUNACLES, Plaistow Road, Loxwood, Sussex.

A real mix-up. But scarcely equal to the one that follows.

—WORSE CONFOUNDED

A MEMBER of my family has been or is a daughter, sister, [illegible] wife, daughter-in-law, mother, widow, a wife again, daughter-in-law and sister-in-law and mother again, and mother-in-law to her sister-in-law.

You see, her son by her first marriage married her present husband's sister.

She is also grandmother to [illegible] nephew and niece.—MISS T. ASH, Upton Snodsbury, Worcester.

If that can be beaten we would like to hear the claim.

REDDEST TAPE

DURING my absence from home a telegram came to the house. My wife was told by the messenger that it could not be handed over until I had paid 8s. 1d.

As my wages are only £2 a week my wife could not pay the money and the telegram was taken back to the post office three miles away.

When I went there to make enquiries I was told that I would be given the telegram, but the money would have to be found. It had been redirected from the former home of my parents, both of whom are dead.

The telegram was from the Army authorities intimating that my soldier brother had been killed and asking for instructions for his burial.—OSWALD JONES, White Carr, Walmersley, Bury.

Official stupidity at its worst.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEN DON'T CALL IT 'SLIMMING,' BUT—

Every morning half a million healthy men [illegible] be seen briskly stirring a spoonful of glistening crystals in a tumbler of plain water. Why do they do it—what are those gleaming crystals? They are Nature's Salt of the Earth, better known by its proper name, Fynnon salt. Containing Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, and other ingredients of great medicinal value, Fynnon Salt in a glass of water has a remarkable effect in producing alertness in place of lassitude, fitness in place of fatness.

Perhaps you have heard of Fynnon Salt as the "mystery remedy" for Rheumatism. So it is. But sluggishness and overweight come from the same root cause as Rheumatism—accumulated uric acid. Some people suffer the rapier pricks of Rheumatism, while others merely feel heavy, lazy, languid. That is where the daily glass of Fynnon Salt comes in. It makes short work of uric acid and rinses it right out of the system. Fatty acids are broken up. They dissolve and disappear. And what is the result? First of all a trim, youthful figure with no excess fat anywhere. Then hygienic interval cleanliness, with blood-stream pure and virile. No a trace of uric acid—not a sign of pain from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago. It's like living in a bright, new world—all because of a thoughtful minute every morning.

Begin your daily glass of Fynnon Salt to-morrow. There's no surer, safer road to brisk, youthful vitality. Fynnon Salt costs only 1/3 a tin from all chemists.

5 years of GASTRIC ULCERS

"Now I can eat anything"

Only those who have suffered the agony and dread that gastric ulcers bring can appreciate the joy of release from this all-too-common malady. Even slight stomach disorders arising from acidity and poisonous accumulation, if neglected, may soon lead to serious trouble needing drastic treatment. It is better to take Miss R. L.'s advice early.

"Afraid to have a good meal"

Birmingham.

"I must write and thank you for your wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. For five years I have suffered from Gastric Ulcers, and your powder is the only thing that gives me relief. Before I used Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I was afraid to have a good meal, but now I can eat anything. I recommend it to all stomach sufferers."—Miss R. L.

Stop your stomach suffering in the same sure way that has given a host of others a new life of freedom. Ask your chemist for the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Beware of substitutes. See the signature—

Alex C. Maclean

on every bottle and carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

A BOOK WORTH HAVING

Doctors and many who themselves have suffered, tell you in this book of their wonderful experiences with YADIL, the natural antiseptic medicine which destroys germs in the body and purifies the blood stream without any drug effect. Know how to get well and keep well, how to avoid unnecessary suffering, send for the free YADIL HEALTH BOOK. This interesting book tells you also how the famous garlic remedy YADIL has had many years of success in cases of Chest troubles, Catarrh, Stomach and Rheumatic ailments—send to-day.

YADIL *Safe Internal Antiseptic*

1/3 *and larger, from Chemists or direct from*

FREE. Write for your copy of the New Edition of the popular YADIL HEALTH BOOK, sent post free from :—

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PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT

REFRESHING & SUSTAINING SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD FAMILY MADE AT HOME FROM

VIGGORMALT

PURE TRIPLE STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS

simply add cold water

FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

Post free U.K. and I.F.S. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops, Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for one shilling, direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. YB), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX.

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YOU WILL TOUR WITH GREATEST SAFETY ON THE

PRICES FROM **20/6**

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THE GREAT ALL-PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World.

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SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

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INSIST ON FENNINGS'

70 YEARS REPUTATION

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

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Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

PATIENCE This charming two piece ensemble comprises an exceptionally smart frock in printed Art. Silk Crepe de Chine, and a three-quarter length unlined coat in plain satin-back Art. Silk Marocain. Cut and designed in a most fashionable & attractive style, very well made throughout, and every detail being of dependable finish. Available in Navy, Brown, or Black. Sizes: S.W. to W. Busts: 33 to 36in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. **29/11**

Terms: 3/6 Monthly.

3/6 Monthly

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send today for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats Costumes Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

I WAS ALMOST BALD

"About six months ago my hair began to come out, and the falling continuing until at least half of it had completely disappeared.

"I used Kotalko and Kotalko Soap . . . My head is covered with beautiful, strong hair, of which I am very proud, and this after being almost bald."

STOP LOSING YOUR HAIR

Follow the example of Mr. A. Rogers and grow a fine head of hair by using KOTALKO True Hair Grower and KOTALKO Scalp and Hair Soap. You will quickly see your Hair growing thick and long, and you will be proud of it like Mr. Rogers and so many others.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (S3.GL), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay

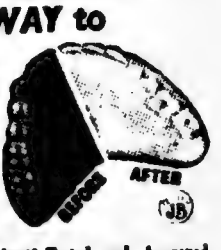
Mr. F. S. of London, W.14, writes:—"Received S3 Wireless Set in perfect condition, and was listening in just one hour. It is no lie to say that the Set is really more than I expected, friends who have seen and heard it are absolutely amazed at the results, tone and price. Believe me, in London here, there are Sets around me that have cost more than double the price of my S3, and not worth a light in comparison. I am delighted."

Mr. A. B., Lee, S.E.—"S3 Radio Set arrived safely on Tuesday. We are delighted with it. It certainly is a bit of gilt edged stock."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NEW EASY WAY to CLEAN FALSE TEETH No Brushing



Just shake a little 'Steradent' Tested and Approved powder in a glass of warm water. By over 10,000 Dentists Stir well. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

'Steradent' cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. 'Steradent' is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. *"I think 'Steradent' is the best denture cleaner and stain remover I have ever tried,"* writes a dentist. *"The results obtained from using 'Steradent' are astounding,"* writes another leading practitioner.

WARNING! Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. You are safe with Steradent. The Dental Profession has given it the highest endorsement.

STERADENT

CLEANS & STERILISES FALSE TEETH

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *creamed away in 3 minutes*

End that ugly embarrassing hair to-day. It shows plainly through silk stockings. On arms and underarms too, it destroys all daintiness and charm. You can 'cream' away the strongest coarsest growth in 3 minutes this new easy way. Simply spread on this dainty sweetly-scented cream. Wash off with water and you wash away every trace of hair. Abandon the old-fashioned razor way—it only makes hair grow faster and thicker. Adopt the scientific *up-to-date* way—this amazing new white cream sold everywhere under the trade mark New 'VEET'. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Prices 6d. & 1/3d.

NEW **Veet**

JOIN JOHN BULL'S 31 CROSSWORD PENSIONERS in this fine HOLIDAY OFFER

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE with **£400** Cash and **£50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE** This year and next

GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE ... OR £750 CASH

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD value **£2**
A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest, for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning figure in "John Bull".

PRESENTED on this page is the sixty-seventh of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 8, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 43. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form: Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, June 26.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 13, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards.

Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

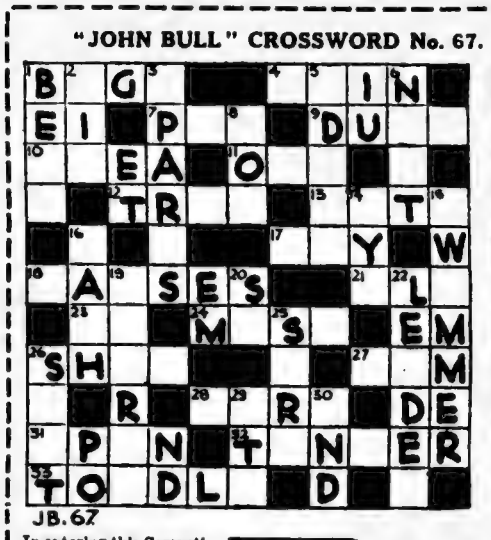
5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

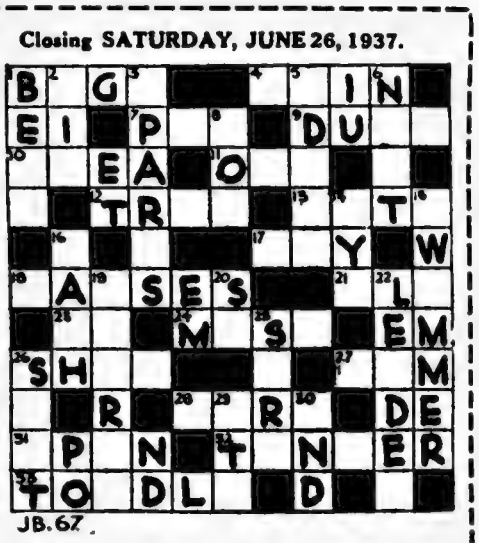
GET THIS FREE HEL

In addition to val... able Reasons Wh... guidance, the 'Cro... word Gazette' pr... vides entry-squar... on fine paper, all t... Crossword news a... other constructi... aid entirely fre... Secure your week... supply by ensuri... with your Crosswo... entry the Reserv... tion Form on page ... Every reader re... receives a free Ent... Envelope weekly. Result and winni... square of Crosswo... Competition No. 6... will appear in ne... week's "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 67. Closing SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1937.



JB.67



JB.67

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

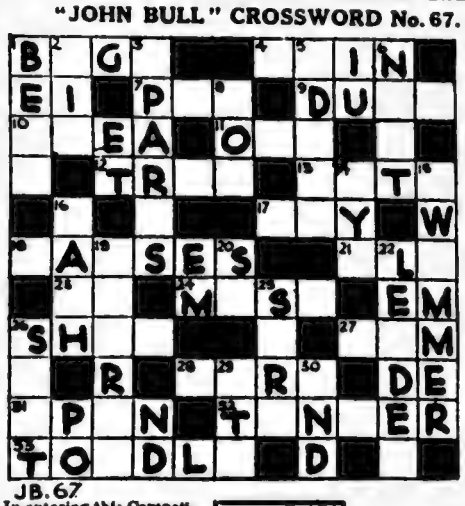
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 67. Closing SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1937.



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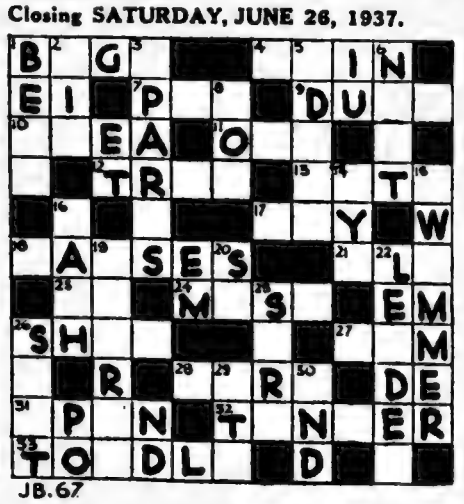


JB.67

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Suit-cases
4. Much power is often wasted in this
7. It's generally hard to see things clearly in one
9. Good players are essential for a film one
10. Space around basement of building
11. What some people look, when they wear old-fashioned clothes
12. Cheap way of getting about country is provided by this
13. Hungry man does, ravenously
17. Most neighbours do, to find out something about new folk
18. Knowledge of football's fine points is shown by
21. Earl of Disraeli
23. Short for street
24. Is apt to be swayed by wind
26. New one should allow room for expansion
27. Occasionally holds up motorists on road
28. Restaurant customers sometimes choose it from menu
31. Not shut
32. Good one is usually acceptable
33. What babies do, when learning to walk

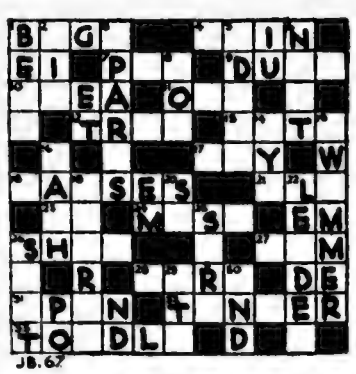
DOWN

1. Nervous people are apt to be worried at facing one for the first time
2. Melody
3. Motorist couldn't get about without [illegible]
5. Snake in ladders
6. Home that birds build is [illegible]
8. Highest p'ace
14. Affirmative in prayer
15. One who swims
16. Fifth-rate boxer usually [illegible]
19. Deposited in store
20. In middle of essays
22. Such an article is often [illegible] great care
25. Boy who's always this is called [illegible]
26. "Beauty" may aptly describe [illegible]
29. Consumed
30. Conclusion

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



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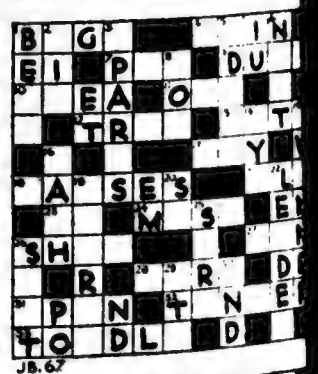

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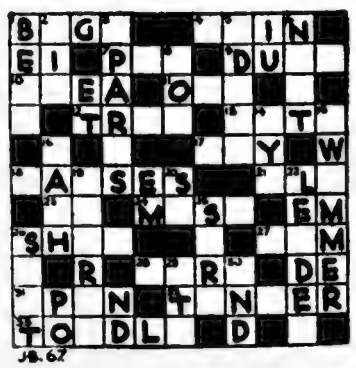
NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



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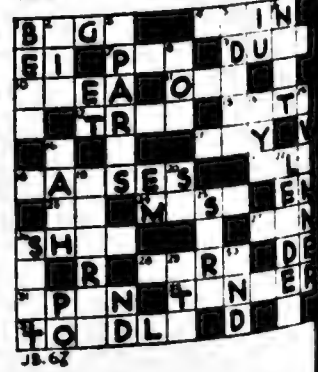

JB.67

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 67, "JOHN BULL," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SHOWMAN (Southend).—"His contortionist act is a fraud." Then he's a twister?

V. L. (Chester).—"I find that glass-blowers are very cute people." They certainly are not suckers.

R. D. (Bedford).—"The determined batsman stops at nothing." So does the one who is out for a duck.

Mrs. T. (Walton).—"He does not improve, although he is constantly promising to turn over a new leaf." Loose leaves?

CARPENTER (Maidstone).—"I hate to see a man planing timber the wrong way." It goes against the grain, so to speak.

SALESMAN (Wimbledon).—"There is one thing that many people who buy vacuum cleaners forget." The first instalment?

D. N. (Birmingham).—"An auctioneer must be very wide awake." And encourage others to nod.

S. D. (Eastbourne).—"An auctioneer must hate putting some things under the hammer." His own thumb, for instance.

G. P. (Boston).—"The meanest man I ever knew was a doctor." Wouldn't he even treat his patients?

R. T. (Seven Kings).—"Owing to the mild winter, my garden is full of slugs, but I won't rest until I've killed every one." Stamped them out, in fact!

J. H. (Manchester).—"I met a very charming girl at the boarding-house; the daughter of a bank manager." We expect she attracted a lot of interest.

M. N. E. (Droitwich).—"I meant to have spoken to the servant about polishing under the mats, but have forgotten to do so.' You've let it slide.

S. D. (Caterham).—"I felt quite thrilled when I found that the only other occupant of the lift was a very pretty young lady." You were taken up with her.

D. N. (London, E.).—"I sat by the beautiful blue sea drinking it all in." That was greedy. What about all the people whose holidays come later?

G. N. (Ealing).—"I've been the proud possessor of a prize Dachshund pup for a month." You'll probably have it much longer.

F. L. (Rye).—"The seaside girl generally conceals a permanent wave under her bathing cap." And the beach is often shingled.

L. J. (Catford).—"A touch of lumbago made it very painful for me to attend to our lawn." You've been rolling in agony then.

BREEDER (Wick).—"You may spend hours of patient teaching only to find that the puppy has forgotten his schooling and goes scampering after other dogs." So it doesn't always follow.

D. M. (Guildford).—"I have a theory that the brain works much quicker in dealing with abstruse problems when one is sitting on a chair at an angle of 45 degrees." So you are inclined to think.

REFORMER (Kilmarnock).—"What name would you give to a man whose job in life is to try and bring about a new order of things?" Commercial traveller.

FATHER (Lancaster).—"When I was halfway up the ladder the rung broke and I fell clean on my son who was gardening below." Just another instance of a father coming down heavily on his son.

"Look, darling, I've let the refrigerator!"
—From "The Passing Show"

S. M. (Sutton).—"As a musician in a dance band I have just returned from a trip all over Europe." A conducted tour?

W. B (Brixham).—"The atmosphere was tense with excitement as the chess match drew to a close." A moving spectacle.

COLLIER (Abertillery).—"You can take it from me that during their shifts miners are as busy as bees." Making a honeycomb of galleries.

MANAGER (Croydon).—"All stenographers appear the same to me." They are all of a type, you mean.

G. H. (Arkley).—"The portable tent dispenses with the problem of putting up for the night." But what about the problem of putting up the portable tent?

BIRD LOVER (Kensington).—"What do you think of my contention that a birdbath should be shallow?" There's not much in it.

Mrs. F. (Chelsea).—"I make tiny half-inch silken flags for my grandchildren to use with their toy soldiers." Baby bunting.

TOM R. (Isleworth).—"Quite a small quantity of powder caused a big explosion at home last week." Was it on your shoulder?

F. M. (Iver).—"What scope is there nowadays for spinsters of artistic talents?" Many of them take up inferior decorating.

HUMORIST (Chelsea).—"A young boxer who insists on fighting although he is green, invariably ends up black and blue." Well, that's better than being yellow.

M. C. (Winslow).—"To convey a correct impression, I think a historical pageant should be held out in the open air." A question of obtaining the right atmosphere.

CRICKETER (Leicester).—"I made a bet that he would make a century, but unfortunately he did not even break his duck." You did not get a run for your money.

BOOK-LOVER (Salisbury).—"What do you think my daughter gave as an excuse when I reproved her for turning down the corner of the page as a book-mark?" That she could easily turn it up.

R. O. (Denham).—"Although we have been married for six years, it is only lately that I have appreciated my wife's worth." How on earth did you get hold of her pass-book?

CRICKETER (Mitcham).—"Just after I had bowled six balls without taking a wicket or having a run knocked off them, the waitress carrying refreshments slipped and fell headlong with the drinks." Maiden over!

G. H. (Dorset).—"The modern boy has a definite aim in life." Which we notice is usually in the direction of the greenhouse.

W. P. (Wells).—"It is well known that elephants are light on their feet." Nevertheless, we prefer them to keep off ours!

D. T. (Hereford).—"Nothing but expense. The latest—the tree fell on my greenhouse." One thing on top of another.

SALESMAN (Reading).—"I have entered into a contract with a bullet manufacturer, and what do you think the deed is written on?" Cartridge paper.

COMEDIAN (London).—"I am, of course, voluble enough on the stage, but to this day I am dumb off it." You never speak out of your turn.

D. N (Paddington).—"A man in a London suburb calls from house to house offering to mend broken doors." A kind of panel doctor.

G. S. (Romford).—"I feel perfectly safe doing business with him, for his hip pocket is always full of notes." He has something behind him.

TRAVELLER (Southampton).—"There's nothing like a small piece of dry toast to banish seasickness." Or a large piece of dry land.

FRED R. (Rochester).—"I see that recently a song-writer lost his temper and punched his partner on the nose." Apparently he couldn't compose himself.

L. T. (Stoke).—"At this time of the year a lot of peculiar things come to light in the garden." And they never resemble the illustrations on the packets.

K. M. G. (Brighton).—"My wife is all the world to me." Take her round it in Millionaire style at JOHN BULL's expense—and let her share in a £1,250 fortune and £6 weekly pension. See pages 42 and 43.

R. C. (Hammersmith).—"Every Englishman likes the sight of green hedges, winding rivers and trees." Unless, of course, he is in an aeroplane, making a forced landing.

PRINTER (Sheffield).—"I sometimes think of changing my job when things go wrong, but somehow I feel I wouldn't be happy in any other work." You remain true to type.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"Truro MALE Voice LADIES' Choir . . ."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—"Early booking essential. See handbills for DULL details."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"Says he plays golf for his OWN AMAZEMENT."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—". . . driving firmly and accurately and going up to the net and volleying with SKULL."

EVENING CHRONICLE, NEWCASTLE:—"The position is permanent, and no well-educated man will RECEIVE an interview."

RED STAR:—". . Hal went into the passage and opened the door. Mab was OUTSIZE rather white and tired."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"The last recorded instance of explosives as a means of killing off RATES . . ."

THE WOLVERTON EXPRESS:—". . . the singing of the hymns . . . was led by SURPRISED choirboys . . ."

An Alarming Disorder

"Some time ago I was suddenly attacked by an alarming nervous trouble," states Miss N. Hudson, of 7, Rothsay View, Elland Road, Leeds. "I lost my appetite; I grew very pale and anæmic and was miserable and depressed. My limbs were continually twitching and I could not keep them still. Although I had treatment I got no better.

"Then my mother bought me a box of Dr. Williams pink pills, and after taking the pills a few days my appetite improved and my nerves became steadier. Then the colour returned to my cheeks and I gained strength. Now, after taking four boxes of Dr. Williams pink pills, all signs of nervous trouble have vanished, and I feel like a new girl, bright, cheerful and full of energy."

Those who have tried Dr. Williams brand pink pills often say that the benefit follows their use is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually the reason is quite simple. It is this: these pills create new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves, banishes anæmia, and improves the digestion. Try them now: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

Backache

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY KIDNEYS

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; first a slight discomfort, increasing to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders all indicate Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated.

De WITTS BRAND **KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS** 1/3 3/- 5/-

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continuously poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all chemists at **1/6**

Mighty TRAVEL, CASH and PENSION PRIZE in "Bullets"

WORLD CRUISE FOR TWO

Your 40,000-mile voyage in S.S. "Franconia" with chosen companion includes visits to New York—Trinidad—Rio de Janeiro—St. Helena—Cape Town—Durban—Madagascar—Seychelles—Bombay—Colombo—Penang—Singapore—Bangkok—Java—Bali—Philippine Islands—Hong Kong—Shanghai—Kobe—Yokohama—Honolulu—California (visiting Hollywood)—Panama Canal—New York and so home to Liverpool.

Plus

£1,250 Cash

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JUNE 26

FIRST PRIZE JOY WIRE WILL BE DISPATCHED ON FRIDAY JULY 9

BE QUICK—LAST DAYS TO ENTER!

ONE of the most thrilling First Prize telegrams despatched from Long Acre in the whole history of our Bullets Competition may well come to you on Friday, July 9—provided you grasp this one last golden opportunity to enter for this greatest World Cruise Offer ever known.

Enter the best Bullet and, early that afternoon, a telegraph boy will bring you a gay "Greetings" message that will mean the whole world to you—and a millionaire's tour of it for you and a companion at "John Bull's" expense!

A lifetime's income of £6 a week, an immediate fortune of £1,250, and a 40,000-mile voyage Round the World for Two—these three magnificent awards have been combined in one to form the sensational First Prize in Bullets Record World Cruise Offer, now in its closing stages.

This staggering First Prize is supported by a splendid array of 100 big Holiday Cheques and the inclusion of an extra £500 between cash prize-winners who qualify as directed, make this one of the finest prize-lists ever seen, even in Bullets.

You have now only a few days left in which to prepare your entry. Get busy on your Bullets immediately and see that your entry is postmarked not later than Saturday, June 26—or you may be presenting independence for life, wealth, and an unforgettable Round-the-World celebration to somebody else!

HOW TO WIN

READ slowly through the *Examples* and jot down all the rough ideas any suggest to your mind.

These first jottings may appear to you crude and even obvious. Never mind, for by spending a few minutes juggling with words you can express quite an ordinary idea in the form of a sparkling prize *Bullet*.

Each of your completed efforts, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to condense and polish these rough ideas into finished *Bullets*.

For instance, suppose that the *Example*, IN THE FIRST PLACE, had suggested to your mind the idea *We Put Mother, She's Always Unselfish*. It would only take you a few minutes to produce from that rough note the typical *Bullet*, IN THE FIRST PLACE—MOTHER—"NUMBER ONE" LAST.

Before beginning on your own efforts, be wise and study the good points of the twenty winning *Bullets* in our 1,074th Contest on this page. Then make a start immediately, for you have not got a minute to lose if you are to post off that World Cruise *Bullet* by Saturday, June 26.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

TIDE OF PROSPERITY	NEVILLE'S JOB	WITHOUT FAITH
TO SAVE MOTHER	MINER'S LIFE	WRITE TO YOUR M.P. AND
ON LIFE'S CRUISE	WALKING	"PUT THAT DOWN"
PAGEANT OF EMPIRE	IDEAL COUPLE	WHAT WE'RE TOLD
THREATENING INDUSTRY	FATHER KNOWS	PLEASANT PROSPECT
WHEN I HAVE A HOLIDAY	FLAGS	SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL	TRUSTS	THE RIGHT STAMP
WHITEHALL FORGETS	SUITS AUNTIE	TO PACIFY HER
POOR CHILDREN	SUMMER	WHEN WE RECOVER
WHERE CARE IS NEEDED	GOLDEN	WENT TO PIECES
GATHERING SPEED	HIS PROBLEM	DESERVES MORE
RUINED HIS HEALTH	SHE PROMISED	EVIL THAT MEN DO
IN THE FIRST PLACE	CLEAN HANDS	IF CATS WERE TAXED
BACHELOR GIRLS	WRECKED	FLOODED WITH SUNSHINE
NOT CONVINCING	FIDO THINKS	ENGINES OF WAR
NOW HE'S LOST	BIG HAUL	TO COMFORT THE AGED

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,074

First Prize, £1,000 plus £20 Holiday Surprise:

L. H. DOUCH, Friarmayne, Broadmayne, Dorchester, Dorset.

Example: LEADS TO WAR
Bullet: FEAR—AND "WHO'S AFRAID?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

T. GRIFFITHS, 36, Salkeld Road, Penrith, Cumberland.
Example: For Love of Country
Bullet: *Stop* Towns "Joining Up."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

W. WHITAKER, 65, Conway Road, Cwmpark, Treorchy.
Example: Sleepless
Bullet: Millionaire — Remembers Fighting Sleepiness!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: A. EASON, 18, Glebe Avenue, Saltash, Cornwall.
Shadow Over Europe—And Of Herself, Spain.

£10: R. BROWN, 7, Walpole Street, Burnley, Life's Pitfalls—"Fence" By Sense!

£9: A. R. NEWTON, 10, Woodland Way, Morden, Surrey.
Last In—Bolts Door—"Releases" Mother.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: Mrs. A. AUSTIN, 28, Lime Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester.
He Paid His Taxes And—Sighed, Seeing Seaside "Receding."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£7: A. EASON, 18, Glebe Avenue, Saltash, Cornwall.
Honest Penny—I *Lied* To Earn.

£6: T. CALDWELL, 21, Lyle Street, Greenock, Renfrewshire.
In Power—And Glory, Powers Glorying.

£5: V. WILLIAMS, 5, Queen Street, Eastville, Bristol.
Cheap Excursion—Hours' Suffocation—Hour, Ozone.

£4 10s.: A. GRIFFITHS, [illegible]
Picton Avenue, Runcorn.
Cheap Excursion—Until "Ten For Two"

£4: G. JOHNSON, 40, Goldsmith [illegible]
Park, E.
Strike Fever—City "Contracts [illegible]
"Succumbed."

£3 10s.: R. N. E. YOUNG, [illegible]
Boulevard, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex
He's A Rascal, But Paw[illegible]
Apologise.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£3: G. DUHEAUME, Dormers, [illegible]
Ashtead, Surrey
After The Criminal — Rec[illegible]
Offered Purse!

6 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

G. CLARKE, Winterdene, East [illegible]
bridge, Som.
Shadow Over Europe—"Mi[illegible]
Should Lessen.

W. E. MAGGS, 90, High Stree[illegible]
Mon.
Sleepless—Sheep—So Counted H[illegible]

E. H. PECK, 46, Limbrick, Blackb[illegible]
Intolerable—"How You Tole[illegible]
(Entered on "Season Ticket")

J. H. PICKARD, 65, Beaumont Road, [illegible]
After The Criminal—League "B[illegible]
Like Lap-dog!

M. W. WILLIAMS, Pen-yr-Ynys, [illegible]
Enterprising Parson—Trench [illegible]
"Missionary."

E. WYNNE, Brynteg, Llanbedr, Cor[illegible]
Shadow Over Europe—Reaches [illegible] Tax-payer's Letter-box.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,077 will be displayed in the window of Mr. M. Featherstone, Newsagent, 225, Cheam Common Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,077 usually purchase "John Bull."

OUR "BULLETS" GLOBE-TROTTERS

(World Cruise Winner's story, continued from page 36)

rising from cracks in the earth for miles round.

After celebrating Coronation Day at sea, we arrived at San Pedro, California, in the afternoon of May 15. Going ashore, we drove through the oil-fields to Santa Monica, stopping to admire the beach homes of various movie stars. Others, we found, live in Beverley Hills, through which we passed on our way into Hollywood.

We sailed again at 1 a.m. for more glorious days of sun-bathing, swimming, deck games and dancing. Then, early on Empire Day, we disembarked and drove round the spick and span American city of Balboa and the ruins of old Panama.

At noon the *Franconia* started on her way through the amazing series of locks, channels and lakes that combine to make the Panama Canal. During her passage our great ship was raised and dropped 90 ft.

Nearing New York five days later, we saw dozens of whales, blowing water quite near the ship: the sea seemed a mass of water-spouts. After farewells to our American friends of the cruise, we revisited New York and saw again many of the sights that thrilled us in December.

At Euston again—after 40,000-mile World Cruise

A trip to Coney Island—surely the world's greatest pleasure-ground — and we sailed for Boston. Stopping to take on passengers and freight, the *Franconia* allowed us a quick glimpse of this peaceful city before she sailed on the long last lap of her 40,000-mile voyage.

We had thought these last days at sea would drag, but the time flew, and almost before we realised it there were Liverpool Docks and we were HOME AGAIN!

And so the last chapter in our wonderful experience closed. Soon it will all be a memory, but I am sure that even our grandchildren will be thrilled to hear stories of our Honeymoon Cruise Round the World!

RECORD 5TH WORLD CRUISE OFFER!

£6 and

CRUISE FORTUNE: PENSION OR ONE LUMP SUM OF 3000 GUINEAS

No fewer than **12,600** OTHER BULLETS PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

£200	£100	£50	£25	£20
		£18	£16	£14
£12	£10	£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8
£7.10s.	£7	£6.10s.	£6	£5.10s.	£5	80 of £2
500 of 2/6		4,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" 8,000 "STAR TARGETS"				

ADDITIONAL HOLIDAY BONUS of £500 Cash

As an additional Holiday Cash attraction, "John Bull" will distribute the sum of £500 between those winners of 2s. 6d. upwards in World Cruise Contest who have entered four or more entry-fee or prize coupons bearing same name and address, all enclosed in one envelope with Bonus Certificate provided.

REGISTER FOR SHARE OF £500 BONUS ON THIS CERTIFICATE...

BULLETS £500 HOLIDAY BONUS CERTIFICATE

COMPLETE THIS AND ENCLOSE WITH YOUR ENTRY TO BE ELIGIBLE

I enclose this Certificate with ..... (not less than FOUR) coupons for "Bullets" World Cruise Offer No. 1,077; please register me for share of additional Holiday Bonus of £500 with any prize of 2s. 6d. upwards which I win in this Contest.

Are you at present receiving "Bullets" Bulletin weekly? State 'Yes' or 'No.'

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

VALIDITY OF THIS CERTIFICATE EXTENDS ONLY TILL SAT. JUNE 26

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT. June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT. June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT., June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT., June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT. June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT., June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT., June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 7 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077) Closing postmark SAT., June 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 8 Coupons send P.O. for 4s.

Signed .....

Address .....

KEEP THIS

£100 HOLIDAY BONUS VOUCHER

To enclose with your entry for "BULLETS" No. 1078.

I certify that I entered ..... "Bullets" for World Cruise Offer, No. 1,077, of which I can give details when required.

I now enclose my "Bullets" for Offer No. 1,078—please register me as eligible for a share of the £100 Holiday Bonus if I win any prize of 25s. or over in Contest No. 1,078.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

N.B.—Voucher valid only if enclosed with entry for "Bullets" No. 1,078.

CLOSING POSTMARK, SATURDAY, JULY 3.

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,077, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How will You Look in a Swim Suit

JUST think how much nicer you will look in your new swim suit if you have a graceful, slender figure. And how much fitter and fresher you'll be if you slim the Bile Beans way. Start taking Bile Beans now to get that perfect figure for your Summer Holidays.

Bile Beans, being purely vegetable, act gently—they are not drastic; that is why they are so safe to take. They remove surplus fat gradually but surely and improve your health as well as your figure.

¶ *The best time to take Bile Beans is before going to bed—just a couple nightly.*

"By taking Bile Beans every night I got rid of all my unwanted fat and reduced my weight by nearly four stones, and this without having to cut out any of my food. Everybody says how well I look, both in figure and health."—Mrs. M. S., London, S.E.5.

* * *

"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hip measurement by four inches, and so greatly improved my figure that now standard dresses fit perfectly. Bile Beans have given me more energy and made me feel ever so fit."—Miss A. D., Cheshire.

* * *

"As I lost 4 lbs. in the first fortnight, I kept on with my nightly Bile Beans. Now my weight is down by 20 lbs., and my health is improved in every way. When my costumier measured me recently I was four inches less in bust, waist and hips."—Mrs. L. D., Leicester.

BILE BEANS

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265 B 76

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A 237